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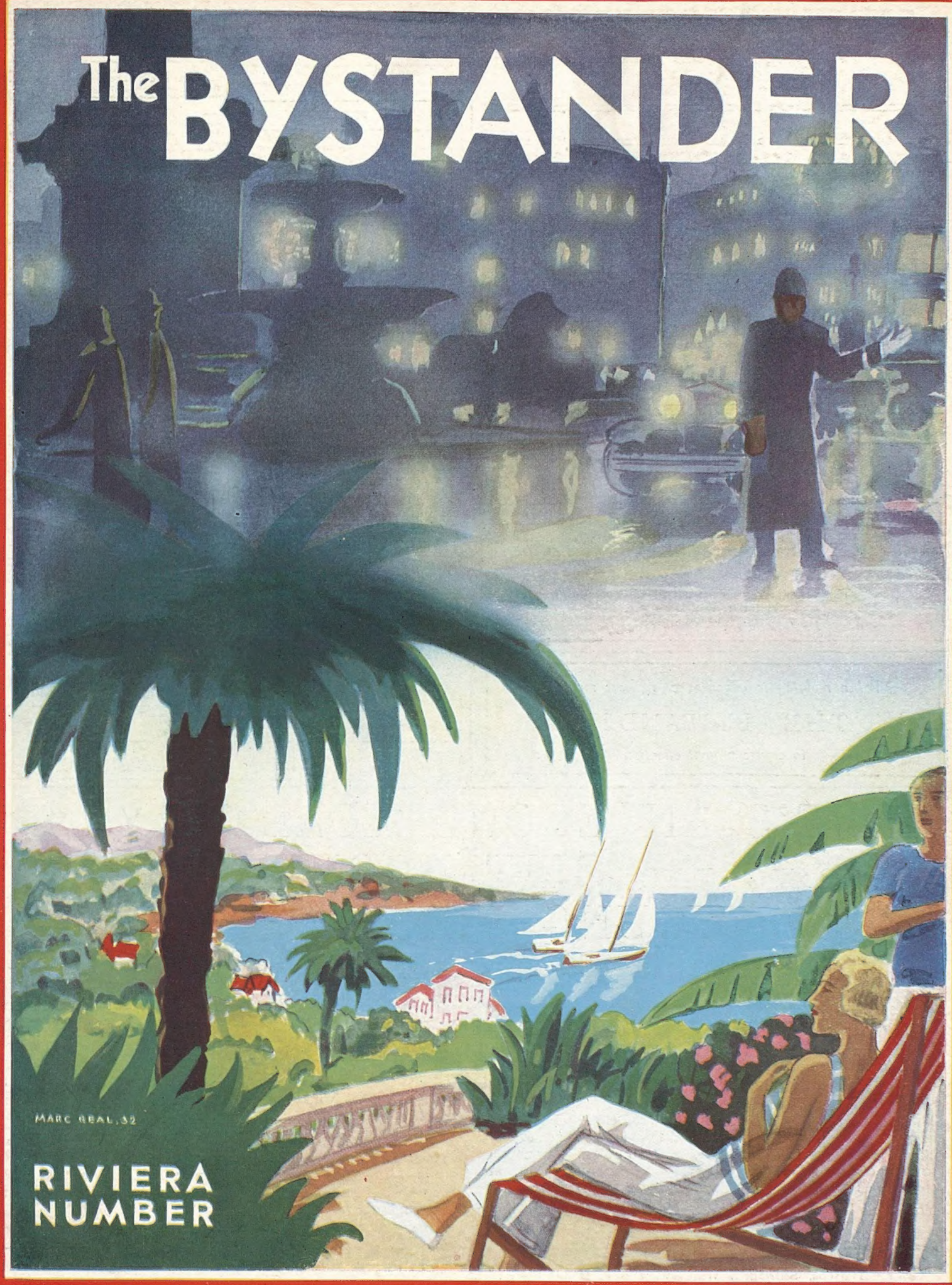

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The Bystander, December 21, 1932 No. 1514. Vol. CXVI

The BYSTANDER

Personalities in "Plasticine"

No. 7: Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England

Modelled and Designed by Zec

Three of the prize-winners at the Spanish Ball at Grosvenor House, in all their glory of mantillas and brightly-embroidered shawls: Miss Cecilia Waring, Miss Flora Fermor-Hesketh, and Miss Louisa Fermor-Hesketh

The Countess of Abingdon, Mr. H. Harris, and Viscountess supper at the long table for the Committee and performers; Lady Chairman of the Ball, which was held in aid of the Evelina

The PASSING HOUR

"The Bystander" holds up the Mirror to the Gay World

"ONE dam' ball after another," if one may misquote Mr. Cochran, was the order of last week. First we had the Actors' Benevolent affair, at the Savoy; then came the Victoria League Ball; then the Sunshine Ball; and then the Golf Ball. The first-named was one of the best. Jack Hulbert has never been in better form, and the way Cicely Courtneidge allowed herself to be thrown around by members of a real acrobatic dance troupe brought the house down—not to mention herself. It was real bravery for a highly-paid artist like her to do this, and she will have made permanent fans out of all the people at the dance.

THESE included Marconi, who smiled for the first time in years, Sir Gerald du Maurier, who danced, Miss Jeanne de Casalis, who sang, Lady Winifred Elwes, who organised the affair, the Duke of Westminster and Miss Gertrude Lawrence, though I did not see either of them. Upstairs, in the restaurant of the Savoy, were Lord and Lady Charles Cavendish. Lord Charles Cavendish was wearing a pair of truly ducal trousers. He had just arrived from Ireland, and the only ones available were a pair of his father's.

THE former Adèle Astaire was wearing a bunch of bracelets. Her hair is now brushed on the left side of the head, to conform with those small new hats that are fashionable. Her brother Fred's new show, *Gay Divorce*, is a tremendous hit in New York. She and her husband are staying in Carlton Gardens before spending Christmas at Chatsworth. Incidentally, it cannot be much fun in Ireland now, with all these tariffs, none of which makes the English popular.

THE Harold Lloyds went out very little while they were over here, much less than most of our American visitors of that celebrity - calibre. However, I had the pleasure of giving them a dinner the other night and taking them on to the Embassy Club. Mrs. Lloyd, the former Mildred Davis, thinks that ringlets of the Mary Pickford type will soon be coming back into favour in Hollywood. Vamps of the Dietrich type, she thinks, are not likely to last much longer.

BUT what a wretched life a film-star leads! They have three children, and in order to prevent them being kidnapped they have to have three armed detectives in the house, one of them being always in the nursery. The children are not able to go out, even into the grounds, without revolvers to cover them. England must be rather pleasant by contrast.

Below: Mrs. Frank Braham, the very successful organiser of the Ball, with the Countess of Birkenhead, who also took tickets for a large party

THEY wanted to go down to see "the Chinese quarter" of London. But I told them

Castlereagh photographed at Castlereagh was the Deputy Hospital Convalescent Home

Left : Lady Lavery, whose lovely old lace mantilla was most becoming to her, talking to Lord George Cholmondeley and Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnstone

Right : A supper-table group, including Mr. Hoskins - Gardiner, Miss Carmen Gordon, Miss Josephine Gordon, Mr. Anthony Gordon, and Mr. F. Colchester-Wemyss

The Spanish Ball

Mantillas and Shawls at Grosvenor House

Above : Miss Pamela McDougall, Mr. Monra and Lady Pamela Smith ; the latter took part in the cabaret, "Fiesta Andaluza," which was arranged by Teresina, the well-known Spanish dancer

Left : Mrs. Claude Leigh, who was one of the people who took parties to the dance, at supper with Mrs. Redmond McGrath

that there are only forty-seven Chinamen left in the East End. Thomas Burke, who wrote *Limehouse Nights*, has caused a lot of curiosity among Americans, who cannot believe that times have changed so much. You can show them Pennyfields and Limehouse Causeway, and the houses associated with Brilliant Chang and Billie Carlton and Freda Kempton, and an obliging inspector at Limehouse Police Station may even take your guests' fingerprints, but that is all.

No, there is much more excitement in the West End. Take Mr. Douglas Fairbanks's party, which began at Quaglino's and went on at the Ritz. Gloria Swanson and her husband decided that Mr. Fairbanks, who is rising fifty, had gone to bed too soon, so they sent for an ambulance, and told the stretcher men on arrival that they had been notified that Mr. Douglas Fairbanks was a contagious case, and must be removed to the pesthouse, or its equivalent, at all costs.

The ambulance men, I gather, actually went upstairs and knocked at Mr. Fairbanks's door after receiving this information. It nearly scared Mr. Fairbanks into fifteen different kinds of fits, and it took quite a time for him to appreciate the funny side of it all. Yes, the Ritz is quite gay, and it is bad luck on Miss Marilyn Miller that she has been far too unwell to go out of doors or to see any of her friends.

The Carlton, which is just as expensive as the Ritz, is not so crowded. Possibly the flow of fashion will wash it back to the peak now enjoyed by its sister hotel. Mr. Walter Prendergast, of the American Embassy, was there the other day, and so was Joe Coyne, who still seems unable to make up his mind whether he will go back to Hollywood, despite Douglas Fairbanks's pressing invitations.

What bitter weather it has been! Out at Addington they sell a Japanese contrivance of petrol and asbestos which looks like a large cigarette case and keeps warm for twenty-four hours. I expect Prince Arthur of Connaught would have liked one when he was playing there the other day. Lord Lurgan and Mr. Brownlow also play in all weathers.

The two chief weddings of the week were those of Mr. Iain Murray and Miss Angela Du Boulay on the one hand, and of Mr. John Bailey and Miss Diana Churchill on the other. With policemen costing seven and sixpence each, and inspectors twelve shillings, quite a bill from Scotland Yard will reach Mr. Bailey on his return from honeymooning in Madeira.

The Northants Yeomanry Give Their Annual Dance

Left: Major John Galbraith and Mrs. Robert Brackenbury at supper. Mrs. Brackenbury and her husband have taken Brooke Lodge, Weedon

Below: Mr. Robert Brackenbury and Mrs. Geoffrey Shaw look cheerful; Mrs. Shaw is Admiral Sir Cyril Fuller's eldest daughter

Left: Miss Pat Crook, who was definitely one of the belles of the evening at the Northampton Palais de Danse, where the dance was held

Miss Del Ismay, Mrs. Bower Ismay's only child, is with Mr. Nigel Stopford-Sackville, who is in the Northants Yeomanry uniform, and was one of the hosts of the evening

Lingfield—Very Wintry

Above: Mrs. Rank and Mr. Reynolds at Lingfield Park, on what has so far been the coldest day's jumping the regulars have suffered

Leaving St. Paul's Cathedral after the Memorial Service for Bishop Montgomery, Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George: Lady Alethea Buxton, whose father, Earl Buxton, was representing the King, with Sir Lionel Halsey, representing the Prince of Wales, who is the Grand Master of the Order

EVERY shade of political opinion was represented in the congregation. Mr. Lloyd George fought his way through the crowd; Mr. J. H. Thomas sidled through in his inimitable way; Mr. Winston Churchill waved his way through; Sir Austen Chamberlain stalked his way through; the Duke of Marlborough smiled his way through. The reception was held at his house.

THE wedding reception for Mr. Victor Gordon-Lennox's marriage, which takes place in Ottawa on December 28, will be held in January on his return from a honeymoon in the Gatineau Mountains. His cousin, the Duchess of Northumberland, has lent her house in Prince's Gate for the occasion, and the invitations will be going out in the next few days. Mr. Gordon-Lennox sailed for Canada last Wednesday, after spending a month in a nursing home to cure himself permanently of sinus trouble. I gather the treatment was pretty drastic, but entirely effective.

SEEN in London: Lady Lindsay-Hogg, at Quaglino's grill; Lord and Lady Plunket, ditto; Miss Diana Fishwick, selling a hundred and twenty tickets for the Golf Ball; Lord Sefton and Sir Robert Horne, at the Savoy; Miss Hermione Baddeley, rehearsing for *Ballyhoo*; Tom Webster, at Highbury; Prince George, back from his nursing home; Sir James Barrie, at Grosvenor House.

TO-DAY, Wednesday, is the occasion of the annual monster luncheon party given by Mr. Bertram Mills for the opening of his Circus, with Lord Lonsdale once again president. It has been left to Mr. Mills's two sons to round up the acts. Some of them were booked two or three years ago. I hear that we are going to have a potpourri, from a skating troupe to elephants, with performing cattle to add good measure. In the course of a year the Mills's travel the equivalent of a couple of world tours in search of suitable artists, but, unlike certain musical comedy impresarios, they find them.

To Spain for Charity

The Spanish Ball at Grosvenor House

Mr. Anthony Asquith and Lady Helen Stewart at supper at Grosvenor House, where the Spanish Ball was held in aid of the Evelina Hospital Convalescent Home

Mr. Mark Norman, with the Hon. Sheila Berry, who was one of the performers in the Spanish tableau which was part of the evening's entertainment

Above: Lady Anne Wellesley, who was another of the tableau stars, with her fiancé, Mr. David Rhys, who works at the Dorchester as a reception clerk

Right: Lady Charles Cavendish, who took a party to the dance, with Mr. More O'Ferrall and Mr. Rollo Hoare. Mrs. Stanley Smith and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare received the guests

A Racing Reverie: By "Regular"

MY FELLOW REGULARS AND REGULASSES—I wish you the happiest of Christmases! My friend Eddie Tatham has told us in the Christmas Number how this day should be spent, and I can visualise every one of you, each in the bosom of his or her family, with all thoughts of racing banished from your minds.

SHORT-HEAD defeats, non-tryers, disqualifications, outsiders, and unpaid bills are all forgotten, and for one day we become children again, without a care in the world.

I SEE our jockeys "pulling" nothing more harmful than crackers, and their only "objections" would be if the supply of good food and good liquor were to run out.

I SEE our trainers "cutting up" the turkey, while even the naughtiest of them will content themselves with "stuffing" their own "tummies"; and again, the only "trials" they recognise at Christmas are those caused by acute indigestion.

THOSE lovers of "dead meat," the book makers, will find plenty on their own sideboard, while our owners, ever given to counting their chickens before they 're hatched, may gaze with pride at their handiwork, tucking in at the Christmas pudding, and come to the conclusion that they have quite enough for the present.

MENTION of Christmas pudding reminds me that by far the most digestible of its kind is a volume by Miss Nancy Mitford. Her description of the young man who, in order to obtain sufficient Dutch courage to "get up," consumed so much cherry brandy that he fell off when winning in a canter, being one of the best things I 've read for ages.

ONE thing leads to another, as the Bishop said to the chorus girl, and I have lately had brought home to me the amazing improvement in the standard of our amateur riders. I mean the honest-to-god, hundred per cent. amateur who "goes round" 'cos he likes it; not the so-called gentlemen who prefix their names with a Mr., but expect a nice present when they win.

JUST after the war, not unnaturally, the standard of gentlemen riders was at a very low ebb, and "voluntaries" were a feature of any "bumper" race. Nowadays, though, I see precious little in it between the amateurs and the pros. in the matter of horsemanship, though you cannot expect any amateur to shine in a finish against Stott, Speck, and Ingham, all of whom graduated from the Flat.

OUR amateurs have been very much to the fore just lately, and it was simply grand to see this year's great National combination (the most glorious failure of recent years), Mr. E. Paget and Egremont, successful in the Southern Handicap 'Chase at Lingfield.

A "Turf" Christmas and Some G.R.s

MR. PAGET is a beautiful horseman and one of the bravest men I know, though he would be the last to admit it. He is supposed to average about one broken bone per month during the jumping season, but I doubt if he has had as many "cracking" falls as the one and only Captain Sassoon.

Miss Gladys Sammut and Mrs. "Bill" Seely talking and trying to get thawed at the brazier at Nottingham Races

Another photograph at the December Steeplechase Meeting at Nottingham: Mrs. Leslie and Captain A. P. Bowden

CAPTAIN SASSOON, who has also ridden a couple of winners lately, holds a unique place in the hearts of the British public. Apart from the King, his is the only success they cheer when they themselves have lost their money.

PERHAPS the most remarkable of all the "bumpers" (the term is meant with no sort of disrespect) is Captain Brownhill. Captain Brownhill broke his neck, which is enough to stop most people from laughing for the remainder of their lives. Not so Captain Brownhill—it only made him heartier than ever. He rode a beautifully-judged race recently on Gay Devil, and this most promising 'chaser may develop into another Drintyre for his popular owner.

I HAVE already, in a previous article, spilt a few superlatives over Mr. Hugh Thomas, and I now come to Lord Haddington and Mr. Furlong, both of whom were successful at Leicester. Both these gentlemen are more or less recent acquisitions to the "pigskin," but they are both capable and extremely brave horsemen. Mr. Furlong very nearly bowled over the odds laid on Vinicole with his own hunter, Robin a-Tiptoe, on whom he won the National Hunt at Cheltenham last year.

A VERY capable owner-trainer-rider is Mr. Ransom. I do not know him personally, but he has for some years been very successful with the few horses he owns. He rode a very capable finish on Feu d'Artifice, an animal that had previously exhausted both Sam Darling's and Vic Smyth's patience.

IN this race it looked long odds on Mr. "Jock" Whitney's Black Admiral coming at the last hurdle, but he made a terrible bloomer at it. After the race, a number of very capable "riders on the stand" blamed Black Admiral's rider, Mr. Jones, for not winning.

I DO not know Mr. Jones, and I do not think I have ever seen him ride before, so I have no axe to grind, but I wonder how many of those "riders on the stand" would have remained in the "plate" when Black Admiral hit that last hurdle? Not very many, I 'm ready to bet.

I MUST congratulate Lord "Peter" Milton on winning his first race in this country. True, it was only a "seller," but we 've all got to start, and in registering it Lord Milton sustained the greatest thrill that can come to a jumping enthusiast—in a field of two, when you see the other fellow fall.

I SHALL conclude this article as I began it, by wishing you all "A Happy Christmas!" For one day only we will forget all about racing, be children again, and eat ourselves "silly," and if anyone turns up for racing on Boxing Day without spots in front of their eyes as big as the truffles in the pâté de foie gras, they will not have done their duty.

The Churchill Wedding

Miss Diana Churchill leaving for St. Margaret's, Westminster, with her father, Mr. Winston Churchill

Above : The bride and bridegroom at the reception. The bridegroom, Mr. John Bailey, is the eldest son of Sir Abe Bailey and the late Lady Bailey. Miss Churchill's dress was of ivory satin, and her long tulle veil was held by a wreath of orange blossom

Left : Mrs. Redmond McGrath and her daughter, Miss Pamela Kingsmill, on their way to the wedding reception

Arriving at 7, Carlton House Terrace, which was lent by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough : Lady Chamberlain and Miss Diane Chamberlain

Above : The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth and Lady Eleanor Smith were two more of the guests at the wedding

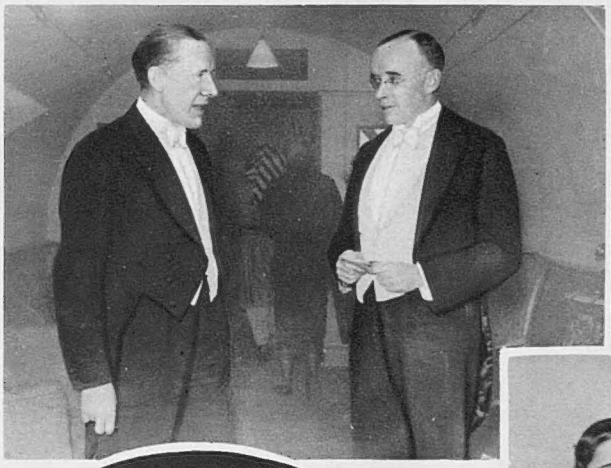
Right : Four of the six white-and-silver bridesmaids, who were Miss Mary and Miss Sarah Churchill, the bride's sisters ; Miss Clarissa Churchill and Miss Juliet Henley, her cousins ; and Miss Ann and Miss Noreen Bailey

Left: A party at the Monseigneur, to see and hear Douglas Byng in the "One Man Christmas Pantomime" he is doing there: Mr. Jack Upson, Miss Hadland, Mr. Algy Dawson, Mrs. Charles Eaton, Mrs. Dawson, Mrs. Harris, Mr. Davenport and Mr. Charles Eaton

Below: Lady Page-Wood (centre), who gave a party in aid of a hostel for destitute children, with Mr. Arundell Clarke, her brother, in whose house in Berkeley Square it was held, and Lady Stewart-Clark

Below: At the first night of "Jonah and the Whale," at the Westminster Theatre: the author, Mr. James Bridie (right), talking to Major Walter Elliott, M.P.

Sasha



Swaebe

Left: Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell Chance dancing together at Lady Page-Wood's most successful party

Swaebe

Lord Scarsdale and the Hon. Mrs. Cunningham Reid at the Midnight Supper Party which was held at the Savoy in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund

White-Tie Occasions

In Berkeley Square, Piccadilly and the Strand

Swaebe

At the Savoy again: Gertrude Lawrence counting some of the "takings" for the Actors' Benevolent Fund, with Mr. Hilton Philipson looking on

Two more of Lady Page Wood's guests at her charity party: Miss Harrison and Commander Rodd

Hors d'Oeuvres

By "Caviare"

Left: At the Gargoyle Club, when a parade of mannequins with their dogs was held: Mrs. Rex Colclough and her large and handsome attendant, with Mr. Peter Arno

Below: Mr. Denys Skeffington, Mrs. Forrester Agar, Mr. Joe Coyne, who is to become another convert from the stage to the film-world quite soon, and Mr. Michael Beary meet at the Café de Paris

Swaebe

Three at the Gargoyle—

I THOUGHT Miss Margaret Whigham was looking a little tired the other night, or is it the dazzling brilliance of her new ear-rings? Mr. Charles Sweeny always appears to be thinking deeply. I wonder if he is, or does! I have never seen Nancy Beaton look more lovely; and Sir Hugh Smiley is obviously radiantly happy.

WHAT is all the fuss about a young man of blue blood, a horse and a cheque?

WHAT a lot of chinchilla coats London seems to have about at the moment! Gloria Swanson looks rich and rare in hers; Lady Crewe looks regal; Lady Cecil Douglas looks smart, and everyone seems to be talking about Lady Scarsdale's.

LORD AND LADY PLUNKET dance beautifully together and look so happy when they do. Why can't husbands and wives be nice to each other in public? We are very tired of the sourness of a brunette couple and the snappiness of a not-long-married pair.

WOMEN don't pay enough attention to the choice of colours. I cannot bear plum-red on Lady Charles Cavendish. She has an evening dress of that colour, and Lady Buchanan-Jardine has the same shade in velvet, which dims her blonde beauty.

ONE of our gayest, nicest and blondest is in love with a young man whose conceit and self-satisfaction are very palpable.

THE Countess Paul Munster has a willowy figure. Lady Mary St. Clair Erskine has a charmingly plump figure. Patricia Lady Cottenham has a very thin figure. Lady Haddington has a good figure. Lady Adare and Miss Celia—but I have no more room.

MISS DIANA COVENTRY looks very chic in a "bit o' leopard"; so does our much-loved Gertrude Lawrence. What a "joy for ever" she is—her vitality is enormous. I saw her kiss charming Lady Carisbrooke good-bye at the Ritz in her swift, laughing way. She is a pet!

—And Four at the Café de Paris

I DO admire Lady Mary Strickland; she is so unmodern, she might have stepped out of the past. She is beautiful, mysterious, and intelligent; in fact, a real woman. I cannot understand the brainless flibberty-gibbet of to-day, made up of false eyelashes, hollow humour, and cocktails.

IT always surprises me if important people can be persuaded to dress up. Fancy dress is generally for the young and feather-brained. However, I admired clever Lord Plymouth as a Chinese mandarin. He has a charming personality and much is expected of him in the future.

AN ex-ex-débutante is trying desperately hard to get married. Twice she has been passed at the post by her dearest friend.

ADVICE—
To Lady Bridget Poulett—look cheerful. You have got so much to make you happy.
To Mrs. Stobart—watch the diet.
To a young commoner—forget your handsome self for an hour or two.
To a young peer—be careful.

MRS. BRUCE OGILVY has very lovely Irish eyes and a perfect complexion—both due to the Emerald Isle. Her husband is one of the best-looking men I have ever seen, and very like his brother, Lord Airlie. In a kilt, no one could resist him, I feel sure!

MANNERISMS are tiresome, and creep upon one unawares. Lady Lindsay-Hogg must be careful not to overdo the drooped eyelashes and turned-shoulder pose. She is quite attractive enough without any frills. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton is much more natural lately, and is so very much nicer and sweeter in consequence.

WE are all getting tired of the quite-well-off young man who skimps his tips in the restaurant and ignores the man who gets him a taxi.

Lady Ravensdale was one of the audience at the charity midnight matinée of the film version of "The Midshipmaid," at the Capitol

I DO like people who have unusual possessions. For instance, Lord and Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton have a flying-boat called "The Cloud of Iona," and they are planning a cruise in the Mediterranean.

CHRISTMAS presents!! Let me give you my usual list. I would like—
Emeralds like Mme. de Peña's famous necklace.
Bracelets like the Marquise de Portago's.
Pearls like Lady Dunn's.
And I would like—
Leeds Castle from Lady Baillie.
A dinner tête-à-tête with G. B. S.
And a kiss from Maurice Chevalier.

SIR WARREN CHILCOTT, whose political book is causing so much excitement, is known to his friends as "Chilly." He is generous, amusing, and a yachtsman.

At the Theatre

Family Fracas—City and Suburban

Sketches of "Another Language," at the Lyric Theatre, by ROUSON

A few of the Hallam family: Walter (Gilbert Davis), Grace (Margot Sieveking), Helen (Winifred Oughton), Etta (Dora Barton), Paul (Charles Mortimer), and Henry (Douglas Jefferies). Three husbands and three wives very liable to be mixed up

"Another Language"

ROSE FRANKEN'S slender but succulent slice of family life—and strife—has crossed the Atlantic and landed at the Lyric, now invitingly decorated in old gold and new carpets, without any discernible hitch at the Custom's barrier. The programme cites no one as responsible for anglicisation, which suggests that the Hallams of some New York or Boston suburb are kith and kin with the Hallams of Belsize Park. A painful, but, to those who recoil in horror from our home-made brand of smug middle-class stupidity, a consoling thought.

These Hallams are a pain in the elbow when encountered singly or, conjugal cohesion being among their prime virtues, in pairs; taken en masse, they are as destructive as a plague of locusts. They stick together like sheep: when one bleats disapproval, the others take up the chorus. They scoff, they snigger, they disapprove. Henry bickers with Grace, who is a shrew and a frump; Wally is a tiresome buffoon; Paul a prosperous bully, Victor is a cut above his brethren, mainly because he is married to Stella. But, even so, he hovers between Hallamshire and the wider culture symbolised by a softly-lit flat in Victoria.

Between Victoria and Belsize Park there is a great gulf fixed—by Stella. The Hallams cannot stand her. She speaks another language. Her clothes are too smart, her hats too small. When she brings old Mrs. Hallam conciliatory flowers, she needs must choose chrysanthemums too large for anything but the umbrella-stand. This unseemly floral profusion declines to blend with the pickled onions, cribbage, and forced heartiness of that ghastly weekly gathering—Sunday-night supper with the old people.

STELLA has artistic leanings; so has Paul's son, Peter. Stella dabbles in sculpture; Peter craves to be an architect and study abroad. Needless to say, his parents insist on putting him into the business. Stella sticks up for him, and Victor, being a Hallam under the skin, sides with his family. Peter is the rock on which they split. Stella loves Victor, but his kisses after the quarrel are only patchwork. They are drifting apart. It is a fight for freedom—her soul, and, incidentally, Peter's, against the narrow code of Hallamshire United. Peter, to increase the tension, falls in love with Stella.

IT is only calf-love, but Stella, deserted by Victor and the entire Hallam family after the peace party at Victor's flat has broken up in confusion, is in the mood for sympathy. The two outsiders cling together, and the boy's kisses are not those usually exchanged between aunt and nephew.

So far (Act II.) so good. The play has raised a plausible problem between husband and wife, unmasked the horrors and humours of suburbia, and given us a nice assortment of cleverly-drawn character-studies.

Act III. abandons the realities and probable outcome of the struggle—Peter and Stella doing more than kiss and comfort each other at three o'clock in the morning—and hustles on the happy ending by what seems, in the circumstances, a premature victory for Stella. Concealing nothing, she tells Peter's scandalised parent that the boy is in love with her and that he spent most of the night in her flat. Victor, too proud to face the family's "I told you so," laughs the truth off with a lie about Stella and himself knowing all about Peter's infatuation and treating it as a joke. Here is Stella's chance for peace with honour and a get-out for everybody. She declines to take it, and gives the lie to Victor's story. Whereupon Victor swallows his pride, admits to failure and lack of guts, and is beautifully rewarded by finding Stella once more in his arms.

Temper! Temper! Peter (Louis Hayward) busting a bust, to the indignation of Victor (Herbert Marshall), Walter (Gilbert Davis), and all the other Hallams

Fainting fits to order: Grandma Hallam (Mary Jerrold) has another one. Grandpa Hallam (Marcus Barron) provides soothing-syrup

THIS sudden surrender is unreal. Would not any husband, especially a hide-bound Hallam, want to know in private how far the affair had gone, before performing the unlikely act of grovelling in the dust in public? The stage was surely set here for a grand pyrotechnic bust-up, with the Hallam family present in full force, before Herbert Marshall and Edna Best achieved their final embrace. Reconciliation could never have come so swiftly nor so publicly; it almost called for another Act or, at least, a final scène à deux, which the play, being short, could well stand.

HERBERT MARSHALL and Edna Best run true to form in rôles in which the absence of moon-struck adoration is a welcome stranger. Miss Best, having permanently adopted the Tessa voice, appealingly uses its heart-broken catch and cadence to harp on Stella's unhappiness. The Hallam portrait gallery is well done by Douglas Jefferies, Gilbert Davis and Charles Mortimer as the husbands, and by Winifred Oughton, Margot Sieveking and Dora Barton as the wives. Mary Jerrold's tiresome mother speaks volumes of quiet accuracy; Marcus Barron as Hallam père has nothing to do except to look like a grandfather; Louis Hayward plays Peter sensitively and well. A pleasant and amusing evening.

"Business with America"

IT is idle to speculate what advantages, from the exacting playgoer's view-point, might have accrued to this frothy comedy, which Jeffrey Dell has adapted from the original book by Frank Hirschfeld, if the opposite atmospheres of Vienna and America had genuinely pervaded the flat of Paul and Clary Frohner. With deception rampant, artificiality simmering in the stock-pot, and dialogue avoiding character-drawing for laugh-getting, it is doubtful whether the ability of the cast to change their nationalities would have materially affected the situation. Let us, then, substitute Earl's Court for Vienna, Coventry for Detroit and have done with it. Off with the high hat and on with the masquerade.

PAUL is expecting his American boss, Mr. Brown, a rival of Henry Ford, to dinner. It is vital that all should go well. At the last minute, Paul and Clary have a row over a white Pekinese (which, unwittingly, as dogs do, steals most of the first Act and thereafter is mercifully seen no more); Clary rushes off in a fury to her mother; and, at the critical moment, Paul's lovely secretary pretends to be his wife and acts as hostess with such success (and an eye to business) that Mr. Brown is caught kissing her by Paul, who assures him it is a matter of no consequence. Clary comes back and, to have her revenge, pretends to be the secretary, so flirtatiously that Mr. Brown transfers his affections with a rapidity understandable in some Viennese Lothario, but quite remarkable in a hard-boiled millionaire. Paul is wildly jealous, and, at the risk of losing his directorship, which depends on his providing his chief with a wife in the space of a fortnight, orders Mr. Brown out of the house. Clary then manœuvres all parties into safety, Paul to her bedroom and the secretary into Mr. Brown's waiting car.

MADGE TITHERADGE plays Clary with all the old archness, trickery and gusto. A first-night audience, happy to be called "my dears," in a speech of thanks, gave her an ecstatic welcome. Clifford Mollison gets countless laughs in the slickest musical-comedy manner without actually lapsing into song and dance. Ian Hunter, a superbly British Yankee, steers a patient and sacrificial course through mazes of stuff and nonsense. Leonora Corbett sets a warm pace as the secretary, and Joan Winfindale's pert maid shows promise. It is time the Haymarket held a trump card. This amusing and energetic trifle may well be the winning ace. TRINCULO.

The inevitable end of any Herbert Marshall-Edna Best play. Reconciliation scene between Stella Hallam (Edna Best), who smiles almost for the first time since the curtain rose on the first Act, and Victor Hallam (Herbert Marshall), her husband

Lord Londonderry, Minister for Air, his son, Viscount Castlereagh, and the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hoare, who were some of the guests seen at the Spanish Ball which was given at Grosvenor House

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By "Big Ben"

I WAS talking to a man this week who is an authority on foreign affairs. He was gloomy to the extreme. The Persian business he considered to be merely the beginning of a series of anti-British incidents which will break out in the East increasingly during the next few years. He owned frankly that the problem of our relations with Soviet Russia might only be solved by war.

THIS is hardly a Christmas message, but we may as well realise that the proverbial peace on earth and good will towards men is as far from some people's thoughts as Moscow is from London.

THE Prime Minister is to be congratulated on the way he has managed the American Debt negotiations. If he can finally settle the whole sordid question next year, he will rank with the great Foreign Ministers of the past. That that is one of his ambitions is fairly well known.

THERE has been much speculation as to the authorship of the second, and longest, Note to the United States. For what it is worth, the opinion of most Members voted it an offering from the Three Wise Men, Sir Robert Vansittart, Sir Frederick Leith-Ross, and Sir Walter Layton.

SIR ROBERT VANSITTART is Permanent Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. He was, for a time, Private Secretary to Mr. Baldwin, when he was Prime Minister, and many, many years ago to Lord Curzon. He is of the true Foreign Office style: he writes poetry, has great charm, a soft voice, and, of course, a black hat. His first wife was an American.

THE story is told that it was of him that Lord Curzon, on entering his room at the Foreign Office for the first time as Secretary of State, pointing to the inkpot, demanded to know what it was. On being told, Lord Curzon surveyed it for some time in silence, and then remarked: "It appears to me that this is made of glass and brass. I should have thought it would have been of gold and crystal." The offending article was removed, with all due pomp and circumstance, and, later, one sent from Kedleston was substituted.

Sir John Ganzoni, M.P. for Ipswich, who has been appointed Chairman of the Kitchen Committee of the House of Commons

LORD CURZON'S greatness as Viceroy is becoming recognised more and more. His successors disappear into a rather dreary twilight. Lord Irwin, it is true, seems to have found a second spiritual home at the Board of Education, but his critics increase in numbers daily. His policy of unhappy compromise, which, over India, got him into trouble with the Right Wing, is now, over Education, getting him into trouble with the Left.

EGYPT is in the news again, or, rather, the British Residency in Cairo. It, or its inmates, in the past have had an unfailing attraction for the limelight of publicity. Sir Percy Loraine, the present High Commissioner, who succeeded Lord Lloyd, was over in London a short time ago. He has a curious and, on some people, unfortunate habit when he shakes hands of staring at you in a peculiarly startling manner. His methods are very different from his predecessor's, but he has been a success in Egypt; maybe, from force of contrast.

THE Government's new Housing Bill was introduced last week into the Commons. Each post-war Government, so soon as it gets into its stride, introduces a Housing Bill. This National Government is no exception, and if we may conclude anything from the business which is now being put before the Commons we are in for the usual run of legislation beloved of every party Cabinet since Disraeli.

SIR EDWARD HILTON YOUNG, who, as Minister of Health, is in charge of the Bill, lost an arm at Zeebrugge, whereby hangs a tale. The Admiralty found they had no further use for his services after this, and told him so. Hilton Young is supposed to have said: "On my way here through Trafalgar Square I passed a statue to a man who had only one eye and only one arm, but he managed to beat the French. Still, I suppose the Admiralty haven't much use for him these days. I'll try the War Office." He did: the result, a D.S.O. in Russia.

MR. HILAIRE BELLOC has sent me the following letter:

SIR,—I see in your issue of November the 30th that you allude to me as a "failure" in the House of Commons. If you mean by that word that I was not co-opted on to the Front Benches by the professional politicians of the time, you are right: but your readers should also know that I took a pledge before standing never to take public money or to vote by order, that I also told my constituents my chief object was to expose the corruption of Parliament, that my first act on my return was to expose an example of such corruption, and that I continued to do so for five years without interruption. As you may imagine, there was no lack of interest in the questions I put or in the brief but numerous speeches which I made upon this, the only really important point of professional politics: the bribery and blackmail which has brought Parliament to what it is. I was returned in the teeth of both Party machines for a second time, and having trained my constituency to understand what politicians are, I could have held the seat indefinitely but that I thought there was better opportunity of pursuing the useful work outside the House of Commons. I flatter myself, when I consider the public view of the professional politician to-day, that I have done so to some effect.

I am, very faithfully yours, H. BELLOC.

The word "failure" was used in the Pickwickian sense.—ED.]

The Spirit of Christmas Presents

Our Tame Poet Puts Up a Few Ideas of Sorts

The Letterpress by Bruce Woodhouse

Sketches by Roberts Johnson

DEAN INGE

We've got the very thing
As a present for Dean Inge,
And if at Christmas-time he rants or riles.
We shall know just how to act,
And, to prove we're full of tact,
We'll present him with that helpful book by Smiles

GRETA GARBO

They say you are extremely shy
And, unlike other talkie-stars,
Avoid the film fan's avid eye
And simply loathe all gossip pars;
So we are sending you to-night
An outsize bushel for your light

VISCOUNT CASTLEROSSE

Lord Castlerosse says, so we've heard,
That some folk think his gossip absurd,
But we can't agree there
So it wouldn't be fair,
To present him this year with the "bird"

D. R. JARDINE

Dear Skipper, here's the very best
Of luck to you in every Test,
And as we're sure you'll make no blunder
When waging friendly war "down under,"
We're sending you this little bin
To put those famous Ashes in

LADY ASTOR

Oh, my, what can we buy for her?
For champagne and such she don't care.
We'll buy her a bunch of teetotal blue ribbon
To tie up her bonny brown hair!

F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Greens and Greenkeeping

I WONDER if the average golfer really appreciates how much the state of the course over which he plays has to do with the enjoyment of his round?

Golfers, being mere mortals, are subject to the two habitual failings: self-delusion and conceit. Every golfer, I suppose, in his heart of hearts, thinks he is a stroke or two better than he really is, and, therefore, when he is above himself, he considers that he has played about to his correct form, and is entirely satisfied. When, on the other hand, he is playing what he would be the last to admit is his normal game, certain little things will very likely have gone wrong during the round. These little things may conceivably be caused by a defective cog in the machinery of his swing, but it is very likely that his ire will be roused by a bad lie somewhere or other, or by an untrue (to him) green.

I suppose it is no exaggeration to say that these are nearly all excuses on a good golf course, but there are, occasionally, certain circumstances which do arise and which are legitimate causes for complaint. That these may be far fewer than they appear to be in the heat of the moment will, I think, be acknowledged by all who ever reach a quieter perspective, perhaps in an arm-chair by a fire, later in the day, with the soothing influence of tobacco and the produce of Scotland. But we are all liable to become irritated by small things which happen in playing the game of golf and which we maintain are completely beyond our control, and this being so, it is up to Green Committees and secretaries of golf clubs to do all in their power to eradicate any possible excuse which there may be for our grouses.

NOW the care of a golf course is quite definitely a matter of great difficulty, and it is a thing which requires real skill. It is an art in itself, and anything which is an art requires an artist to deal with it. Now an artist is born, but he is also made. He must learn the technique of his job, just as much as a baker must learn to make a loaf or a fishmonger to fillet. Usually the members of a Green Committee are elected by their fellow members because they have an imposing presence or, perhaps, because they can tell a better story than the next man. This will probably mean that the person elected is a man of character and personality, which is certainly what you require on any Board of Directors; but, by very virtue of the fact that he is in possession of these qualities, he is probably a busy person, able to attend the meetings of the Green Committee, but unable to give to the questions with which that Green Committee will be faced that study which they demand. And it is for his advice and guidance in difficulties that there was founded a Board of Greenkeeping Research, under the able direction of Mr. R. B. Dawson. This Board is maintained by the Joint Advisory Committee of the British Golf Unions for the purpose of investigating all greenkeeping problems, and for the purpose of being at the disposal of Green Committees in order to aid them merely by letter, if practicable, but where things may have got too bad, by personal visits from the staff of experts who are constantly experimenting at the St. Ives Research Station.

THE institution of this Research Board has been fully justified by the results obtained, even in the short time in which this Board has been in existence. At the time of writing, nearly 500 sports clubs of various descriptions have actually been visited, and almost a thousand advised by letter since 1929, when the station was inaugurated. And it is interesting to note the following statistics: Of golf clubs in England, 573 have been advised and 270 visited; in Scotland, 162 have been advised and 102 visited; in Ireland, 81 advised and 47 visited; in Wales, 37 advised and 23 visited; and, in addition to these, 16 Dominion and foreign clubs have been advised, and one visited. This is the use made of the station by the golf clubs only, but, in addition to this, 117 clubs, ranking enthusiasts of bowling, croquet, tennis and football, have been advised by letter, and no fewer than 51 visited.

The Board of Greenkeeping Research publishes a *Journal*, and the autumn number for this year has just reached my hands. This *Journal* is of very great importance to all who are interested in grass, whether it be for the purpose of taking divots from it with a niblick, whether it be for use in any other sports, or merely as a decorative lawn. And in this *Journal* there are several authoritative and interesting articles which will, I have no doubt, prove of great use to those who are interested. They are written in simple language, designed to be a direct help in understanding the problems of greenkeeping and in carrying out the recommendations which the Board has advised to its clients, and these articles will be continued in forthcoming issues in the hope that they will commend themselves to Green Committees, secretaries of clubs and greenkeepers. It is pointed out that inland courses on heavy soil will always prove a difficult problem in maintenance, and for this reason an article by a greenkeeper, responsible for the upkeep of a heavy land course, is included in this issue of the *Journal*, and should be of great interest.

BUT in achievement lies the best proof of success, and the Board of Greenkeeping Research has in its possession a large number of letters from those who have received assistance from it in such diverse matters as the selection of the most suitable seeds for sowing, having regard to local conditions of soil and position; of fertiliser treatment and of the combination of the most suitable mixtures; of the control of diseases and pests; and last, but by no means least, the purchase of materials, clubs being advised where they can purchase suitable seed at the best prices and how to make up their own fertiliser mixtures, and where the ingredients can be obtained at the lowest wholesale prices.

MOST of the leading golf clubs of the country have applied for help to the Board of Research since its foundation, and in this list are included such well-known courses as Swinley Forest, Royal Liverpool, Royal Lytham, and St. Anne's, Royal St. George's, and a host of others. But other sports clubs have made use of the Board as well. Both the Arsenal Football Club and the Aston Villa Football Club, incidentally the two clubs running such an exciting race at the present moment for the championship of the League, have sought assistance from the Board. *The Journal of the Board of Greenkeeping Research* is invaluable to any secretary of any sports club who is concerned with the welfare of his playing pitch, and, since membership is so exceptionally reasonable, it would seem well worth the while of all clubs to subscribe to the Board and thus qualify for the help which it gives.

Amateurs and Professionals—South v. Midlands Match

Three of the Midlands amateurs who played against General Critchley's mixed team of amateurs and professionals of the South. Left: S. T. Matthews; centre, Dr. W. Tweddell; right, Stanley Lunt. The match was played at Little Aston, Birmingham, and the South won

Some of the infantry brigade at Landyke: Miss Charteris, Miss G. Crichton, Miss Marjorie Brassey, Mr. E. Peacock, and Mrs. Andrew Ferguson

Above: Mrs. Gerard Leigh talking to Mrs. Colin Buist and Mrs. T. O. Jamieson at the recent meet of the Quorn at Great Dalby

Right: Mrs. Lockett and her daughter, Miss Verona Lockett, at Landyke Lane when the Belvoir met there

Count Sternberg, Countess Seilern, Captain Reggie Farquhar, the Hon. Mrs. Gilbert Greenall and Countess Sternberg at Great Dalby. A good eighty-minutes' hunt from Gartree Hill was the first item in the programme for the day

Above: Astride and side-saddle with the Quorn: Miss Ulrica Thynne and Lady Anne Bridgeman

Left: Count and Countess Paul Munster were two more out with the Quorn on the day they met at Great Dalby

Pleasant Preliminaries

With the Quorn and the Belvoir

Amazing Whoopee!

In praise of the RIVIERA

By CHARLES GAY

A view of the 16th hole at Mont Agel, La Turbie, where the links of the Monte Carlo Golf Club are situated. These links were made twenty-two years ago. This famous club boasts of 200 members

One of the most renowned spots on the Riviera is in front of the Casino at Monte Carlo, seen below, where, outside the Café de Paris, a crowd of many nationalities congregates throughout the day

To many people the most grievous effect of the slump has been their inability to take a villa in the South of France and idle away three weeks or a month under the cloudless sky of the Riviera at this time of year. And this year we are told that England, in November, has had less sunshine than any other November since 1887, or some such date.

I can well believe it. Though saturated with sunshine on my return from a cruise down the Dalmatian Coast in September, I feel, like many others, a sick longing for the glory of hot sunshine striking into the small of my back. I have missed my winter fortnight on the Riviera for two years, and, frankly, I am longing to go back. Besides, to be pompous, the discriminating Englishman and Englishwoman is now confronted by holiday vistas more attractive than ever before. As soon as there is competition to secure custom, prices drop and every kind of lure is offered. When the world was booming, little trouble was taken on the Continent and elsewhere to make life particularly agreeable to the visitor. In the slump every effort was made to please you. The vogue of the winter cruise to the Bermudas and Bahamas has put the Riviera hotel-keepers on their mettle. They know that they have to compete with a counter-attraction which has drawn away many of their best clients. To win them back and to induce others to sample life on the Riviera, concessions and courtesy are being shown which have never been known before.

NICE GOLF CLUB

"The Bystander" Cup and replicas (Mixed Foursomes) will be competed for on

27, 28 and 29 DECEMBER

To me, as a gambler, the South of France is almost irresistible. As one who likes sunshine, its appeal becomes more intense. As one who likes gaudy scenery and bright colours, its fascination becomes imperative. I do not know how many times I have been to the South of France, and yet, though I feel I would know the palm-trees on the Croisette at Cannes by their Christian names if they had any, I shall never have enough of them.

The glass restaurant known as the Réserve, at Beaulieu, conjures up delicious memories of crêpes Suzettes and wicker-work flagons of old brandy, and lobsters and pauillac, of the bar at the Metropole, and the red tennis courts and orange parasols and clipped green lawns. At Mandelieu I have played golf with one-armed Sutton and sliced gaily into the pine woods. The red rocks of Agay and the corkscrew road to it, with that valley full of yellow mimosa, are as vivid as ever. Mont Agel and the restaurant where I lost two mille notes after a round of golf on that rocky, pretty golf course; Quinto's in Monte Carlo, where you get the best tangerine bronx in the world; Juan les Pins and the restaurant de la Frégate, where seventeen different kinds of hors d'œuvre are served every day; the lovely, cruel Corniche road; the scent factories at Grasse, where you see Chanel No. 5 in the raw and can smell attar of roses and every kind of perfume before it has been made up; Henri's, at Cannes, which has become one of the smartest restaurants in the South of France; the paddocks of the various racecourses, decked with mimosas; the Sporting Club at Monte Carlo (where I have seen the Duke of Westminster playing trente-et-quarante and winning seventeen consecutive times, and also a German jockey, warned off the Turf, who discovered a very easy way of cheating. All he did was to wait until some particular number was plastered with plaques and then tell the croupier to put one of them on some other number. If the first number turned up, he went to another table. If the second number turned up, he drew the winnings); the Café de Paris, with its little tables under the trees, opposite the Casino; the lovely route up to St. Pancrace, with a sixty-mile view of the hinterland; and the Battle of Flowers at Nice, where I danced a pas seul in the middle of the Square and the crowd shouted, "Embrassez! embrassez!" and would not let me go until I had kissed the very pretty American girl (now a Vicomtesse, as she deserved) who was with me. Amazing whoopee!

The Riviera has been badly hit. She makes no bones about it But she is staging a come-back this winter which will be felt everywhere. Galas and fireworks, operas and racing, night clubs and gambling, and even prize-fighting, will be staged night after night on the shores of the blue Mediterranean.

It is a very pleasant sight to see palm-trees and roses and hibiscus growing out in the open in January after you have left a dank, cold London. It is still more pleasant for the gambler to enter the nearest casino and to hear the welcome cry, "Messieurs, faites vos jeux!" or "Messieurs, prenez vos places; la partie commence." I have many memories of Monte Carlo, and most of them are pleasant.

There was the time when the hectic-looking man sat down at the ten-franc table and a woman with peacock feathers in her hat took the place next to him. The man glared at the unlucky feathers. The woman remained unmoved. After five minutes one of them put ten francs on red. Red turned up. Both claimed the money. The chef de table paid them both. The ten francs remained on red. It turned up again. Both claimed the ten francs. By this time the chef de table had had enough. He had them removed. As they left the casino, the man said to the official, "It is not that I mind the loss of the money, but the woman's behaviour is so intolerably abominable. To think we have been married for ten years now! How I stand it I do not know!"

At Cannes I have seen Vagliano and Zographos gamble. It was a revelation of suppressed excitement on the part of the former, and sheer impassivity on the part of Zographos, with his haunted eyes and eternal Evian water. I have seen romance after romance ripen under the stars and over the pink champagne. Year after year you see the same people returning to Monte Carlo in the winter. Quite true that the Duke of Connaught spent the earlier part of the winter in the West of England. But he was back again on his beloved Riviera in January.

This year every kind of enterprise is being shown. You can go to the Riviera and take your skis with you. Naturally, they will be no use to you on the Promenade des Anglais, but they will be at Peira Cava, Col d'Alos, and Coulombières where, in two hours, you can have all the ski-ing you want in a land where the francs are French and not Swiss. In those two hours you leave the palm trees and come to virgin snow, and in another two hours (after you feel you have fallen about enough) you can be back in a casino, which is more than even St. Moritz can offer you.

At Menton they are reopening the Casino again, after it had been closed for three years. At Nice, the Palais de Méditerranée Casino is being run, on behalf of Jay Gould, by M. Medecin, the Mayor. At Monte Carlo they are having Monégasque fêtes and

(Continued on page 579)

Above: A view of the gardens of the Hotel Metropole, Monte Carlo, with the courtyard in the background

Left: A view of Garavan Harbour, Menton, showing the cluster of picturesque houses on the hill in the old part of the town

The Promenade des Anglais, at Nice, showing the crowd enjoying the hot winter sunshine "'midst the sheltering palms." The fine building at the back is the Palais de la Méditerranée, built by Mr. Frank Jay Gould and now under the control of a group headed by M. H. Edouard Baudoin. The interior decorations are both modern and beautiful

Personalities of the Riviera

By "The Bystander's" Resident Correspondent

Left: M. Réné Léon, the man who controls all the varied activities of Monte Carlo. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and a D.C.M.

It may be that every part of the world gets its fair share of celebrities, but, to my mind, one of the most amusing features of Riviera life is the great variety of, shall we say, unusual personalities with whom one comes in contact.

I do not know if it is the excessive sunshine, the possibly excessive cocktails, or the fact that the Riviera is a sort of international meeting-place; at any rate, none of our more amusing guests conform to any recognised standards.

We were discussing this at a very cosmopolitan luncheon-party the other day, and I, as the only Britisher present, was dilating upon the eventual weariness of the unusual as compared with the permanent joys of English country life, when, to my horror, I realised that, in truth, it would bore me excessively. Here, then, is so very much at which to laugh: Russian Grand Dukes, a notoriously hungry and thirsty lot, graciously permit themselves to be entertained by rich Americans, and should a few hundred francs be thrown in for gambling purposes, their dignified courtesy becomes almost overpowering. In these days, when money can't be thrown about, they will come quite a long way to your villa or hotel for a plate of caviare and a bottle of fairly decent champagne and go all through their little tricks. Cinema-stars, whose advent in London causes serious dislocation of traffic, can be seen in the most natural attitudes, eating, bathing, or golfing, which may destroy some of the glamour (as in the case of Harold Lloyd bathing with his three charming little kiddies and a perfectly respectable British nannie sitting on the sands guarding their towels and knitting hard), but give their fans a delightful feeling of intimacy; personally, I don't think they should be so domestic and natural.

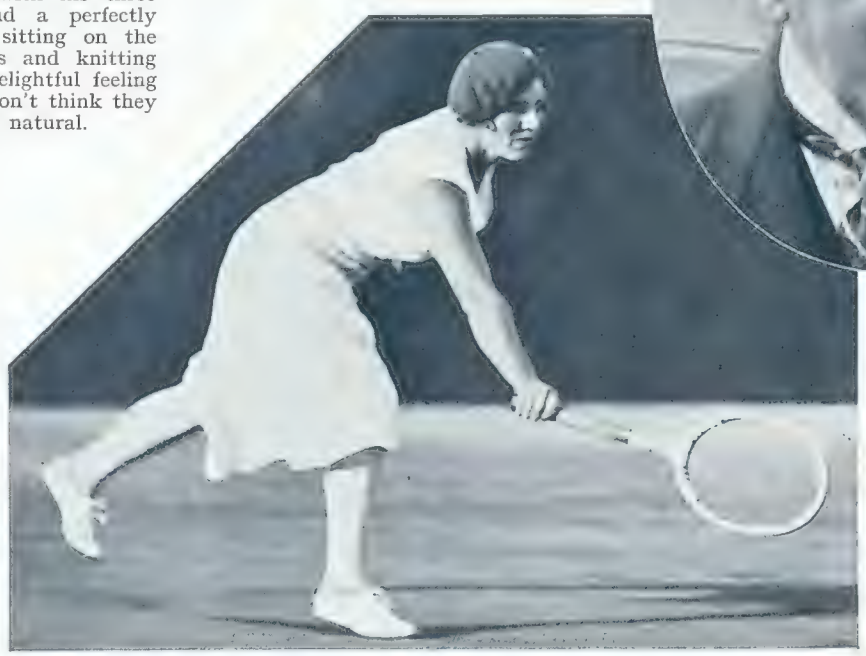
As for George Robey, his first visit to the Riviera has been an unqualified success, both from his own and everyone else's point of view, and, through his and Gertrude Lawrence's kindness, we are swamped by a mass of humorous, if vulgar, stories, and anyone having one to tell, however old, prefaces it by "Have you heard George Robey's latest?" He enjoyed a care-free life at Nice to such an extent that he delayed his departure, stating that he could not return to London with a beard, and the one he had grown for his film part in *Don Quixote* had become so exuberant that there was no barber in Nice strong enough to remove it. I do not know if there was a modern Delilah who accomplished this feat; at any rate, we all miss him. Seriously, his acting in the part of Sancho in the film, I am told by everyone who was lucky enough to see any of the "shooting," was really marvellous; but almost by the time you are reading this, you will have seen the picture.

Garoupe Beach, a charming and hitherto undiscovered plage, was the fashionable bathing rendezvous this summer. Prince George, during his short visit with the Prince of Wales, gave it an extra boost by aquaplaning with immense enthusiasm round the bay, serenely indifferent as to whether he remained on the board or not.

The crowd there made me realise that there may be points in favour of the Victorian bathing costumes. I had no idea that Mistinguette had corns! E. Phillips Oppenheim swims there daily in exuberant style, sporting a white sun-bonnet in the water. It is, however, only fair to state that this strange headgear was necessitated by his recent sunstroke.

His small yacht is anchored in the bay all summer long, and is the best and most appreciated floating bar I know. There are many other literary lights living on the Riviera. Somerset Maugham has a beautiful villa at Cap Ferrat, where he entertains delightfully. His artistic sense predominates to the possible detriment of his cocktails, which are made to match the colour-scheme of his table. Two of our most popular visitors whom we hope are

Mr. Frank Jay Gould



Mrs. Frank Jay Gould playing tennis at Cannes. Her husband, seen above on the right, has lately disposed of some of his big financial interests on the Riviera. It was he who built the Palais de la Méditerranée at Nice and the Casino, as well as the Hôtel Provençal at Juan les Pins

Bathers on the Beach

In the intervals between dips in the sea, bathers indulge in this game of lawn tennis with a difference which is most popular on the beach at Nice

returning soon are Alec Waugh and his very charming wife. Both he and Michael Arlen have become such devotees of golf that they would rather go round the Nice golf course under bogey than write the most brilliant novel. Another assiduous golf-fan is the Aga Khan, renowned for his charming smile and recalcitrant shirts; they always escape from the confining trousers and wave sail-like in the breeze—a fact which in no way embarrasses him or affects his golf, which is excellent.

CANNES refuses to be depressed by little things, such as war debts and the fall of the pound. "We have the sun; you need it," it seems to say, "and we will do our best to adjust our prices to your pockets," which I do admit they are trying to do, although, somewhat naturally, they see that not too much is left in your pocket. The many yachts of every imaginable size and shape which give such charm to Cannes harbour are all receiving their final "spit and polish"; many owners are already down. The Winter Casino, quite the most attractively built on the coast, with its excellent Restaurant des Ambassadeurs, is open, while a most cheerful encounter is to run into the jovial-faced Marquis Meyzonnet de St. Marc, moustaches a-curl, en route to the excellent bridge, poker, and cocktail club over the Malmaison Restaurant on the Croisette. It is he who runs the Cannes Polo, and assures us that, although the pound may fall, nevertheless Indian princes can still raise the necessary to bring out and finance excellent teams for our mutual amusement. In fact, he expects many well-known players this year, and some really good matches are already arranged; while Captain Cole, of the New Courts Tennis Club, is already in the midst of inter-club matches, thés dansants, and bridge tournaments.

MISS MAXIME ELLIOT has a quite surprisingly lovely villa on the rocky coast between Cannes and Golfe Juan. It is said that she has even achieved more fame than during her stage career by being the only person who has ever persuaded the French Government (an expensive persuasion, no doubt) to stop all trains on the main line for twenty-four hours while she completed a private bridge over the line; at any rate, she is a marvellous hostess—a fact for which all Riviera visitors lucky enough to know her will vouch. Gladys Cooper, Sir Gerald du Maurier, Gertrude Lawrence, and Noel Coward have all been her guests recently, while even Phyllis Satterthwaite's dogs have been down the chute into her famous swimming-pool.

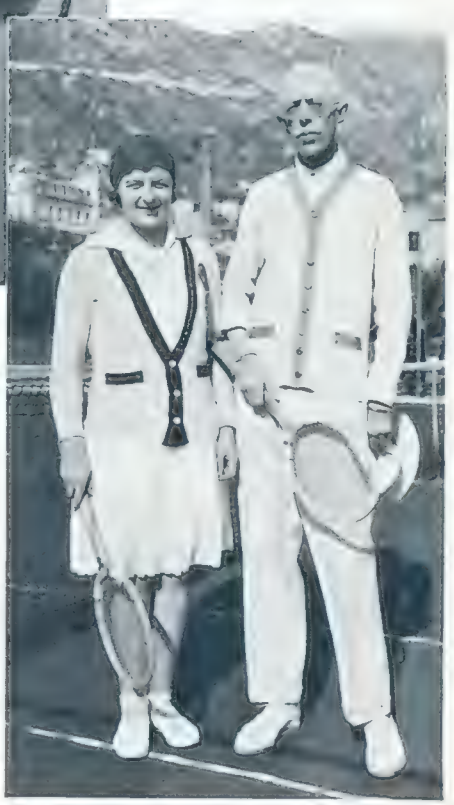
Tennis at Cannes

Sir Geoffrey Archer, Prince Azam Jah and Princess Schaumburg Lippe watching a lawn tennis match at Cannes

NICE, which has lately been rather a depressed poorer cousin in the eyes of other Riviera towns, is now coming into its own and has already an enormous number of winter visitors. Hotels are inexpensive, and she can offer so many varied amusements—there are no less than five casinos, countless excellent cinemas, an Opera House, which is going to be extra good this season, and the best shops on the coast. A great meeting-place for English and American visitors is the Riviera Bridge Club. Colonel and Mrs. Anderson run it so well that one is not only sure of excellent bridge, but also of meeting the most amusing people over one's pre-dinner cocktail.

Monte Carlo has started the season early with a series of enormous pre-luncheon cocktail parties, which take place at the Royalty Bar. Lady Eardley-Wilmot's party was a great success the other day, and the fact that one fair resident chose to arrive dressed simply and solely in a fur coat excited little comment. There is another lady, not so fair but very fat, whose advent on to the ball-room floor causes the best-mannered to crane their necks. When she dances a tango, many people are forced to stand on chairs to watch, fascinated; her favourite gigolo takes so many steps to get round her that one can only think of a small and fussy tug attempting to berth the world's largest liner.

NOTHING will ever spoil Monte Carlo; it is too unique, too lovely, too ridiculous, and too laugh-making ever to be seriously affected by the cares of this world. Roulette, a magnificent new Sporting Club, and the Knickerbocker will withstand any financial troubles. I have one serious complaint to make about Monte Carlo. *Where* are the many lovely ladies frequently called "poules de-luxe"? The Monte Carlo managers who spend money so lavishly in many directions should take serious note of this. They were so very decorative and, seated perched up on the high stools of the Salle Privée bar, they added immensely to that exotic and de luxe atmosphere which we associate and expect from "the playground of the world."



Miss Betty Nuthall, of lawn tennis fame, with King Gustaf of Sweden; the King, though over seventy, still plays lawn tennis with enthusiasm, and is a constant visitor to the Riviera

The Passing Picture Show

Gentlemen Prefer — Both!

Left, above: A couple of crooks—Miriam Hopkins and Herbert Marshall as Lily and Gaston, who are in love with each other and also fond of thieving. Right: Gaston (Herbert Marshall), who becomes secretary to Mariette (Kay Francis), a wealthy widow; but, despite appearances, he leaves the straight widow for his crooked little friend in the end of the film, which has been entitled "Trouble in Paradise"

New Faces Make New Fans

By Sydney Tremayne

WHENEVER you have an opportunity, go to see *Night After Night*, from the Plaza. Should you be confused by the redundance of nocturnal titles (*Love Me To-Night, Tell Me To-Night, Sleepless Nights, The Night Mayor*, etc.), remember that this particular picture is distinguished by the fact that George Raft, for the first time, plays the chief part.

Raft was one of the gangsters in *Scarface*, and, in spite of Edward G. Robinson's overwhelmingly successful impersonation of Al Capone, neither the public nor Hollywood's star manufacturers could ignore George Raft's potentialities. Here, most emphatically, is a screen personality. Because of a slight facial resemblance, Raft has been linked by the publicists with Valentino. If the dead man and the very live man have anything in common, it is a certain inherent arrogance often discoverable in men who are "successful" with women. George Raft is not the romantic lover, which Valentino primarily and essentially was. His personality and his acting method are entirely independent.

GEORGE RAFT is not "husky," like Gable; polished and cynical, in the Robert Montgomery manner; suave and insidious as the philanderers of the screen, Lukas and Menjou; nor romantic in the Latin-American tempo of Novarro. Nor has he the quasi-humorous, at-home-on-the-tennis-court charm of Ronald Colman. He is not good-looking, unless black hair and eyes, a rather long upper lip, and slightly sticking-out ears constitute one's ideal of manly beauty. But he is an extremely good actor, and he has, indubitably, attraction.

"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT" is an excellent film, and the story, by Louis Bromfield, is credible the moment one believes in American "fairies" and the incredible realities of "speak-easy" night life. The characters are differentiated by the author, the director, Archie Mayo, and by an exceptionally talented cast.

George Raft has the difficult task of making sympathetic—and a little more than that—the ex-pugilist proprietor of a successful speak-easy who ruthlessly discards the women he has effortlessly collected when he falls in love with a "lady" who comes alone to visit his night club—which is housed in her old home—in search, one gathers, of her true self, to help her to decide whether to marry a man for his money. When Joe Anton discovers that his "aristocrat" (American version) is "sister under her skin" to the other women he has known, he tells her, who has called him "a modern pirate," that he would not throw her to his crew, and "walks out on her." This change from his hitherto respectful method of address is, as every woman will understand, highly successful, and brings her to her senses and his bedroom. Since it has been obvious from the first that they were born to drive one another frenzied, their preliminary skirmish ends in passionate avowal and determined kisses, to the accompaniment of gunfire, for excitement is provided by an opposition gang (who give Anton the charming alternative of selling out to them or having an expensive funeral), as well as by the murderous instincts of one of the too-loving ladies.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS is the beautiful and indecisive object of George Raft's interest. It is a lovely part for any actress: she does it justice, and the producer and camera-man are on her side.

What more could you want? A well-knit, dramatic story, excellent production, passionate love interest, two brand-new stars, and humour, provided chiefly by Alison Skipworth as an elderly tutor of English diction to the ambitious Anton, who, after a certain amount of champagne, finds that she has much in common with Mandie, the bold bad blonde, played with breadth, verve and effect by Mae West.

The American film industry is not dead while they continue to find new stars for new and old fans.

IN England we are turning out quite good pictures now, but I ask you to consider our list of stars. Franz Lehar's "first" musical screen play, *Where Is This Lady?* was produced last week at the Hippodrome. It is, as anticipated, the light and bright Viennese recipe re-mixed and, if one dares to say it, half-baked. And Mr. Owen Nares is the leading man. He is also the star in two general releases: *Love Contract* and *There Goes the Bride*. Sixteen or seventeen years ago he was a matinée idol in romantic rôles on the legitimate stage. Some of our best actresses have graduated from musical comedy, but neither wits nor feet are lighter for the touch of time, and Mr. Nares is obviously out of place in these galères.

Mr. de Courville's production, *There Goes the Bride*, has had, and is having, success because it is a bright, well-made film, full of cleverly handled, familiarly farcical situations; but Owen Nares is not of the stuff from which musical-comedy stars are made.

THEN there is Miss Jessie Matthews, the mischievous and ubiquitous missing bride, who reappears as the star in Mr. de Courville's latest, *The Midshipmaid* (at the Gaumont Palace, Lewisham). She used to dance with loose-limbed, youthful gaucherie which was almost grace, and lift up a small voice in Noel Coward's not vocally arduous melodies. Her straight fringe and obvious juvenility produced an impression of individuality. The fringe and extreme youth have passed. There is left a rather ordinary young woman who opens her large eyes with good effect and her mouth with rather less, and repeats her lines in a manner which is certainly amateurish.

And these are "stars" we attempt to pit against George Raft, young and vital and arrogant, and Constance Cummings, groomed and trained to the last hair.

Peter North

LADY DASHWOOD

A new portrait of Sir John Dashwood's good-looking wife, who is very much an "out-and-about" person in Mayfair, and an enthusiastic concert-goer. Lady Dashwood is a Canadian, and was Miss Helen Eaton. She and Sir John Dashwood entertain a good deal at West Wycombe Park, their attractive Buckinghamshire place

If Gossip We Must

London's Uglification—Sir Landon Conducts—A Stoll Complaint—Brieux the Man—Priestley and Music

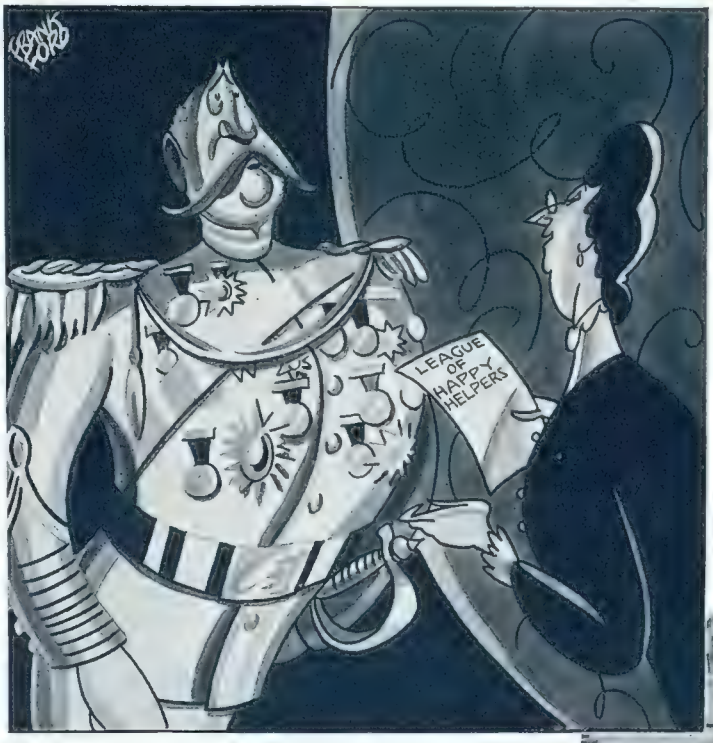
Sydney Granville, as Don Alhambra, and Rowena Ronald, as Casilda, in the revival of "The Gondoliers," given at the Savoy Theatre during the very successful Gilbert and Sullivan season

Right: Phyllis Clare, who is appearing in "Ballyhoo," a new revue at the Comedy Theatre, which opens tomorrow night, December 22nd. Leon Morton and Hermione Baddeley are stars in the cast

With buildings of new and commercial hideousness in course of erection in Carlton House Terrace, Berkeley Square is, as likely as not, to be used at any moment for the hanging out of the inhabitants' washing.

The only thing that can, and will, prevent the uglification of London on an extensive scale is that the payment of all we owe (or, in reality, do not owe) to America, while nobody pays us, will prevent any money being spent on contractors and architects. London will now have, as it were, to be content with old clothes.

Thus does the cloud of American rapaciousness have its silver lining. For London cannot even follow the example of C. B. Cochran and a few Dukes, and turn itself into a limited company.



By Frank Ford

"And as soon as you are enrolled, General, you will be able to wear an artistic little button badge"

Meanwhile, the possible fate of Carlton House Terrace has been exercising the thoughts of Mr. Christian Barman, whose indignation I share with as much sincerity as I admire his name.

Mr. Christian Barman, dispensing good things in the spirit of comradeship, has written to certain well-known people, in virtue of his connection with *The Architectural Review*, to sound them on the subject.

"Carlton Gardens, Carlton House Terrace and Waterloo Place," he points out, "have been described as the finest terrace in Europe and, together with the Mall, are London's only remaining example of great civic design.

"It is becoming clear that a large body of opinion is forming itself against the action of the Crown Commissioners in coolly preparing to destroy these houses without reference to the opinion of the tenants, the public, or the learned societies."

Mr. Barman has given us wisdom, full measure, pressed down, and flowing over. I agree with his every word.

But when Crown Commissioners run amok like this, one is rather helpless. What, after all, can he done with a rogue Commissioner? Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?

I was glad to see at the Queen's Hall the other night Sir Landon Ronald at the conductor's desk, and in good form, too. He is one of our very finest conductors, but of late much too little has been seen of him.

Bad health has been one of the reasons for this obscurity, but he is now better in every way, and his vast crowd of friends are glad to see him about again, for he is a genial and decent soul.

A night or two afterwards he was at the annual dramatic jamboree at the Guildhall School of Music, talking to that eminent medico, Dr. Howard Humphris, who is, I believe, on the staff. Dr. Humphris was the intimate friend of the late Sir Charles Hawtrey, and, facially, bears an uncanny resemblance to him.

He is an electric sort of person in more senses than one; certainly no other past-president of the Hunterian Society has, even literally, thrown a light on the beauteous Albertina Rasch Girls.

Sir Oswald Stoll considers that his production at the Alhambra, *A Kiss in Spring*, concerning which I had a few remarks to pass last week, is all that is artistic and wonderful. He has taken an expensive advertisement

Brigitte Helm, the film actress, being filmed in leaving the swimming-pool at Monte Carlo Beach. The Côte

column in the *Times* in order to say so.

Which is all the better for Printing House Square, and very forgiving of him, since the *Times'* critic had, I remember, plenty of uncomplimentary things to say about Sir Oswald's latest production.

Now Sir Oswald's opinion is possibly as valuable as that of any of the dramatic critics. In this case that opinion is necessarily ex parte. Whatever it is, he is entitled to it.

alternative is not to invite them to his theatres.

For surely he is too sensible to let it be seen that he expects critics to express only favourable opinions—i.e., to act as puff-merchants (unpaid)?

In this attitude (if it is his attitude) Sir Oswald does not, I fear, stand alone among theatrical managers.

BRIEUX, the famous French dramatist, who dealt in serious subjects, I knew fairly well at one time. He used to frequent the Café de la Regence in Paris—a great place for chess.

ODES OF ENVY

No. 3—The Barmaid

WHENEVER I enter a licensed house
I grow most infernally envious
Of Hebe, its social hub;
For her days are a welter of fun all through
And there 's nothing more tiring she has to do
Than to serve an occasional drink or two,
Plus a smile or a well-earned snub.

The girl who dispenses the whisky and wine
Leads a life that is very much brighter than mine,
And I envy her more than you think;
For I cannot imagine a jollier way
In which to be occupied lightly each day
Than in pouring out drinks from a cheery array
Of bottles that glisten and wink.

Whenever she thinks that her strength 's impaired
It often so happens her views are shared
By some good-natured generous "sport,"
Who 'll make it a "double"—and then make the pace—
If she 's stately of figure and comely of face—
As she murmurs "Here 's how!" with a dignified grace
That is seldom seen even at Court.

So I can't repair to a house of call
Without the regret that MY lines don't fall
In those where the Barmaid's are.
For it isn't my lot to enjoy a spoon
With the gents who frequent the select Saloon
And not have to start work till it 's nearly noon—
But, then, I 'm *not popular!* *B. W.*

"Marathon." She is seen d'Azur is much used for filming

Dorothy Wilding

The latest portrait of Zena Dare, who will be again appearing in the ever-popular "Peter Pan," which will be once more revived at the Palladium this Christmas season

BUT what Sir Oswald is, I politely suggest, not entitled to do is to cavil at the opinion of the dramatic critics just because it does not happen to coincide with his own.

Dramatic critics are not infallible; some of the very young ones, sucking the ends of their pencils as if they were barely weaned, can be both trying and silly. But most of the critics are mature and intelligent, and all of them, I am convinced, are honest. Indeed, the standard of dramatic criticism in London is the highest in the world; it leaves the venal scribblings of Paris and New York nowhere.

IN that case, Sir Oswald should abide by their decision, even if it is unpalatable. His

Bertram Mills's Circus reopens at Olympia on December 22nd with many novelties. Above are the Symmek Troupe of acrobats, who do one of those startling turns which Capt. Bertram Mills never fails to provide each year

At the Midnight Matinée of "The Midshipmaid" at the Capitol: Sonnie Hale and Jessie Matthews, who, in private life, is Mrs. Sonnie Hale. Jessie Matthews plays the lead in the film version of the musical comedy

I have played chess with him there, and have watched him lose his temper, and win, while I have kept mine, and lost. But Brieux's tempers were like summer lightning: if he was not all smiles the next moment (he was not the all-smiling sort), equability was soon restored.

No more sincere man ever wrote. When he evolved plays about diseases which it used not to be polite to mention, but which are now discussed at cocktail parties by Bright Young Things of both sexes, he did so with a fixed and sincere purpose.

Yet these plays were turned to business account on this side of the Channel in stupidly prominent fashion. Thank goodness we have passed the stage when a theatre manager or film magnate could be sure of a busy box-office simply by sticking up a notice, "For Adults Only."

Mr. J. B. Priestley has told the world that he feels an irresistible desire to go to sleep the moment he enters the Queen's Hall. That is a complaint I have heard of for the first time—and I frequent the Queen's Hall quite a lot.

Mr. Priestley's somnolence when music is being played at the Queen's Hall is possibly due to the fact that such music bores Mr. Priestley. If so, there is no harm in admitting it. It is not everybody who possesses a taste for music.

Personally, I grew quite somnolent over Mr. Priestley's last book, which only proves that it is not everybody who possesses a taste for literature.

One can never have too much caviare. I do not allude to the italicised insight into the lives of the Great and Good which you will find in another part of this journal, but to that very toothsome product of the Royal College of Sturgeons.

A wealthy youth I know—no, not a peer, but I believe he once met a man whose wife's cousin was once introduced to one—discovered last week that the girl he thinks he adores was caviare-minded. So he sent her twelve full-size pots of it—not the black stuff one finds in economical sandwiches, but the large-grained caviare of an oily-grey colour.

After one pot of it, she decided to throw a caviare party. It was a ghastly and bilious failure.

The remainder, after being tested in the kitchen (which declared that it preferred cod-liver oil), was sent to a hospital.

There is a moral to this story kicking around somewhere. Just as music and great literature may sometimes be unappreciated, so may caviare.

Two of the audience at "The Midshipmaid" première, which was held in aid of the Victoria Hospital for Children, Tite Street, Chelsea: Mr. Philip de Laszlo and Kathleen Countess of Drogheda

Katharina and Two Beaux

A scene from the operetta "Katharina," which has been having such a success in Berlin; Gitta Alpar, who is Germany's favourite platinum blonde actress, plays the name-part

Duet

Miss Elizabeth Lutyens, Sir Edwin Lutyen's daughter, and her fiancé, Mr. Ian Glennie, at an old spinet in her flat. Miss Lutyens is not only a pianist, but a clever composer as well

a thrill at every turn! that's Greyhound racing at the WHITE CITY

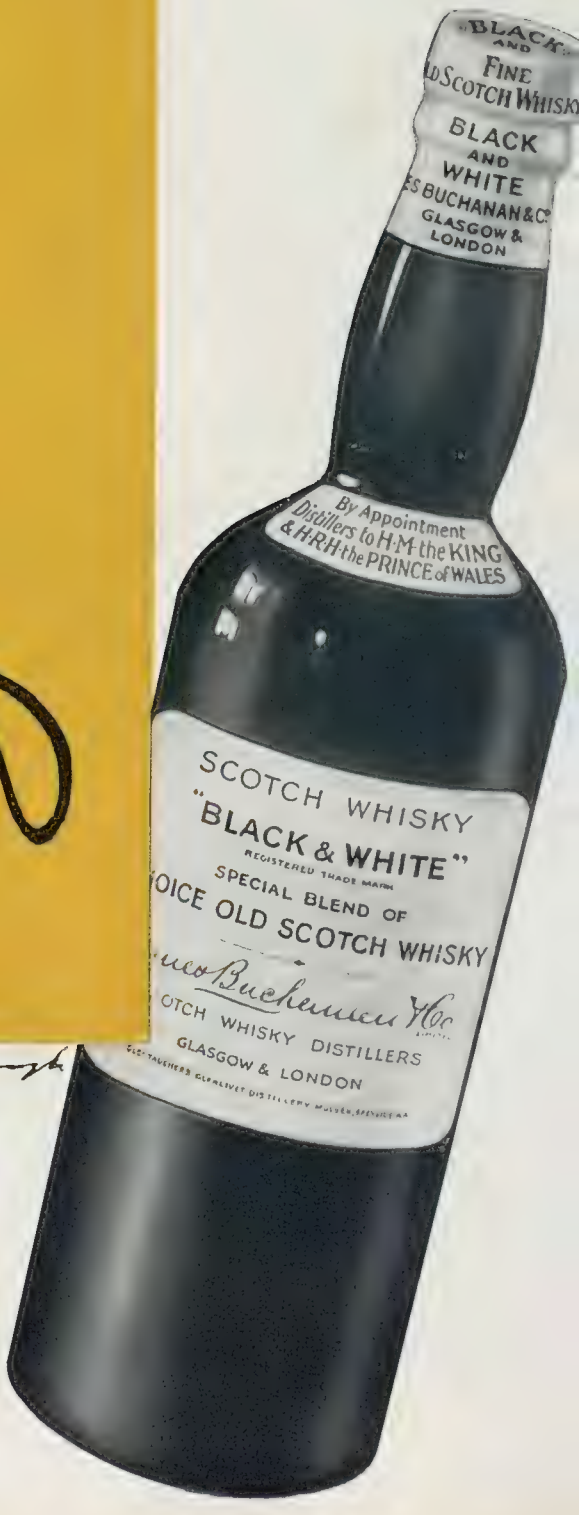
ICI ON S'AMUSE B

Our artist here shows, in fanciful form, a typical day in the life of the pleasure-seeker on the C bed," are depicted on the border, while the picture in the centre shows a scene outside the Cas

DRAWN BY ROGER FURSE

IEN TOUT LE JOUR

Côte d'Azur. Bathing, yachting, the mid-day apéritif, surf-bathing, motoring, cocktails—"and so to asino at Monte Carlo which will be familiar to those who have ever visited the sun-kissed Riviera



HE man plays HE MAN'S
game—*AND DRINKS*

"BLACK & WHITE"

Left: Major H. C. Birch (O.W.) and the Rev. W. H. Mundrell, R.N. (R.C.P.) going to the 11th

Below: J. A. Board and E. F. B. Moore, Old Wellingtonian players, waiting at the 5th tee

Major A. L. Dering and Major G. F. Mappin, Old Wellingtonians, at the 3rd tee

Dr. N. C. Carver (O.W.) and Colonel H. S. Poyntz (R.C.P.) seen "marking time" while going to the 10th green

V. ff. Smith, one of the Royal Cinque Ports Team

Colonel H. D. Buchanan-Dunlop (R.C.P.) and C. D. Wilson, an Old Wellingtonian

Bernard Drew, the Secretary of Deal, and R. Swift, Royal Cinque Ports players, at the 4th

Old Boys at Deal

Royal Cinque Ports v. Old Wellingtonians

Books of the Week: By "Ericus"

Kay Vaughan

Mrs. Violet Cressy-Marcks

Mrs. Cressy-Marck's new book, "Up the Amazon and Over the Andes," has just been published. She is a famous explorer and scientist as well as a writer of books

"QUEER people, the English," "Funny people the French," "Peculiar people, the Portuguese," and so on, according to the nationality of the speaker, "the taste or fancy of the speller," as Sam Weller would have it. And the nations of the world lean back in their easy chairs and thank God they are not as other men. But this is not the way of Monsieur Felix de Grand'combe, to whom I now have the pleasure of introducing you. M. de Grand'combe is a Frenchman who has lived and taught in this country for twenty-five years, and he sums up his impressions of us in a thoroughly delightful book called *England ... This Way* (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), translated by Beatrice de Holthoir from *Tu Viens en Angleterre.*

HERE we have at last the complete guide-book to the Englishman. Not to England, you will notice, for this is no mere catalogue of places to visit or hotels to stop at. There is no mention, even, of the Tower or Westminster Abbey! No, this scholarly study is of the Englishman, his mind, his manners and his methods. M. de Grand'combe has put his stay among us to excellent use, for there is little about us he seems to have missed. He writes of our virtues and our failings with the shrewdest insight but the lightest touch in the world, and he has an engaging way of pulling our insular leg gently and assiduously throughout his moralisings. It is fortunate indeed that he likes us, for a pen so able could be terribly scathing on a distasteful subject. I should add that he is immensely tactful. He is, for instance, delicately ambiguous in his views on fox-hunting—he refrains even from quoting Oscar Wilde's "The Unspeakable in Pursuit of the Uneatable." But on one subject he frankly burns his boats. "Cricket," he says, "was specially invented for the English to give them in a concrete fashion a notion of eternity." Australian papers, please copy!

IN his conception of *Stamboul Train* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*) Mr. Graham Greene follows the fashion set by such films as *Shanghai Express* and *Rome Express* in that he gives himself a similarly limited field of action for the exploitation of his characters. His dramatis personæ comprise the passengers on the train running from Ostend to Constantinople, his story develops during the four-day journey and ends at its terminus. But Mr. Greene has written a very much better story than was told us in either of the films I have mentioned. Yet what a film this story would make! The business-like young Jew, the little chorus-girl, extraordinarily moving in her simple fatalism, the selfless politician, the crude woman reporter, and the criminal, fleeing from the results of his crime are all drawn with admirable economy of expression and at once enveloped in an atmosphere of stark reality that pervades the entire book. Mr. Greene's characters are the most lifelike set I have met with for a very long time, and he contrives a variety of incident remarkable when one considers the limits of space and time he has set himself. This is altogether an exceptional piece of work and one you would be ill-advised to miss.

MR. LEONARD FRANK always succeeds in presenting his novels from an unusual angle and with an original method of treatment, as readers of *Carl and Anna* will no doubt remember. His new novel, *The Singers* (Grayson; 7*s.* 6*d.*), a contemporary tale of a German provincial town in the throes of industrial unrest, is no exception to his rule. It tells of a group of middle-aged failures who decide to solve the unemployment problem by forming a species of concert-party, of two charmingly unsophisticated young lovers, and of a mysterious murder, the solution of which so completely disdains the conventional canons of the "thriller" that one is left wondering if, indeed, it was the solution after all! But, if I may be excused a "grouse," why does Mr. Frank insist on telling his story in a series of disconnected episodes, with no hiatus to express the change of actors in each episode? Such a method may succeed in giving an idea of simultaneous action, but it makes life very hard for the poor reader, who finds himself skipping, faint but pursuing, from one group of characters to another, constantly wondering if he hasn't come to the wrong party on the right day, so to speak.

"ESCAPERS ALL" (The Bodley Head; 7*s.* 6*d.*) comprises a collection of the escaping tales broadcast last year by the B.B.C., who have thereby conferred what the charlady called a "reel boom" on the reading public. For sheer excitement of incident and raciness of narrative these prisoner-of-war stories, told by the escapers themselves, beat any manufactured "thriller" into a cocked hat. As the raconteurs are also blessed, one and all, with a sense of humour, their anthology makes thoroughly good reading from first page to last.

WHILE I am on the subject of war literature, I should like to mention a "spy story" I have just come across that was published a couple of months ago and was missed by me in the autumn flood. *I Was a Spy*, by Marthe McKenna (Jarrolds; 12*s.* 6*d.*), is the chronicle of a Belgian woman, since married to an Englishman, who acted as a spy in the Allied interests from January 1915, to November 1916, when she was caught out by one of those simple ruses that so often pierce the most elaborate defence. She was court-martialled by the Germans and condemned to death, but, in consideration of her excellent record as a nurse in the German hospitals, her sentence was later commuted to one of life-imprisonment, from which the Armistice naturally released her. Her career of harrowing danger and constant vigilance, with its accompanying thrills, which she treats with complete sang froid, makes a most vivid story of Belgium "under the iron heel."

I SUPPOSE a book of caricatures is really outside the orbit of a literary critic. But, after all, the first essential of a caricature is that it should bear a resemblance to its subject. Now I happen to know a few of the seventy distinguished lights of the Stock Exchange so cleverly victimised by Mr. John Kennedy ("Jonk") in *As Others See Us* (The Garamond Press; 10*s.*), and can vouch for it that their likenesses are almost indecently accurate. Indeed, it is remarkable that such cunning and confident draughtsmanship should emanate from so prosaic a quarter as "The House." The author, we were recently told by a leading Sunday newspaper, is the man who made Mr. Montagu Norman laugh. In these times of stress Mr. Kennedy surely needs no higher recommendation. So roll up, ye bulls and bears! Invest and know the worst.

A Portfolio of FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander" by Madge Garland

AN elongated triangle hand-knitted in gaily coloured stripes is tied in a knot at the back of the waist. In brown, red, black, white and yellow, from Debenhams

GREY flannel makes a smart skirt, complete with thumb pockets, which is worn with a jumper striped in grey, blue and a dull coral-red. An attractive outfit from Jaeger

cockayne

— referring to the Riviera

(Extreme left.) A light-weight woollen dress is distinguished by a cut and interesting sleeves. The triangle collar is fastened at the back three small buttons. In either blue or red. From Fortnum & Mason. The hat, from the same firm, is in two shades of blue and is cleverly smocked

2. (Left.) The centre figure is wearing a short suède coat which has much to recommend it. It is shaped in at the waist by means of small tucks and is fastened by silver rings instead of buttons. In pale beige with a brown skirt it looks very smart, but may be had in several other colours. Fortnum & Mason

3. (Left.) This dress is cut on an original plan. It is put on like a coat, then one side of it wraps all the way round the figure and is fastened in front by three enamelled clips—black on white or white on black. In a light weight woollen material from the model gown department of H. J. Nicoll

4. (Right.) A well-cut coat and skirt is perhaps the soundest investment of all for those who are contemplating a journey southward. This one would look smart in grey flannel with a grey and blue scarf. Costumes of this description are impeccably tailored by Harry Hall for 7 guineas

Last Minute News for Christmas

1. The seated lady wears a brown crêpe dress trimmed with velvet. From Asprey

2. The lady standing beside her has on one of the new tunic dresses in dark brown. From Asprey

3. The double-decker cocktail table with a glass top is made of walnut and costs £6. From Gill & Reigate

4. "Zodia" is a fortune-telling and character-reading game which will make the success of a party assured. Price 2/6

5. "Fortaspin" is a novel way of playing forfeits and of having a mild gamble. Be sure and buy it. Price 2/6

6. The lady reading the rules book has on a red woollen dress decorated with a pattern achieved by means of pintucks. White piqué collar and cuffs. Russell & Allen

7. The little girl with the doll has on an enchanting pink net frock with blue ribbons, from Marshall & Snelgrove, where an exhibition of child photographs by Charles Law is now on view

8. The Branksome Towers Hotel, at Bournemouth, recently arranged an interesting dinner entertainment when Madame Chanelle, the Eng'ish dress-designer and not to be confused with Mademoiselle Chanel, of Paris, showed her collection of new models. Madame Chanelle has branches at Birmingham, Cheltenham and in London, and one of her attractive new sports models is shown in the photograph on the right

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The Long Gallery; S.S. "Lapland"

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Arrive	Port	Hours Stay
June 22nd, 8 a.m.	Madeira (Funchal)	11
June 23rd. noon	Las Palmas	12
June 24th, 8 a.m.	Teneriffe (Santa Cruz)	8½
June 26th, 2 p.m.	St. Michael (Azores)	8

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LUCKY GUINEAS

Special photographs will also be taken during the cruise for publication in "The Bystander." Passengers will be able to "spot" themselves from these snapshots, and those "spotted" by "The Bystander" will be entitled to claim a guinea.

Left: A line-out in the United Services v. Rosslyn Park match, at Portsmouth. The former, who can be seen in a darker set of jerseys, won by 21 points to 8

A Leicester player tackled by a Blackheathen on the Rectory Field in a match in which Blackheath beat Leicester by 14 points to 11

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Candidates for Caps

I FIND it a little difficult to take Rugby football altogether seriously this week, for at Christmas the game does lose a good deal of its sharpness. I imagine, for instance, that next Saturday's club matches will be relatively light-hearted affairs, and the Dublin Wanderers' visit to the Rectory Field, on Boxing Day, will be almost a frolic. Rather a painful frolic, perhaps, for some of the players, though it is always a good thing to break training with a bang now and again.

Still, even if the immediate future is more festive than ferocious, the fact remains that we approach the great occasions of the Rugby year. These are the final English and Welsh Trials in the first week in January, and then England and Wales start the International ball rolling at Twickenham.

PERHAPS, therefore, this is a suitable occasion for taking a look at the playing strengths of the countries who will challenge England during the coming months. Personally, I dislike this talk of an International Championship; but somehow we have been jockeyed into recognising Championship tables in which last year, as you may remember, England, Wales and Ireland were bracketed for the top place. I have an idea that this season England will win this mythical Championship, with Wales and Ireland close behind, and Scotland once more bottom of the list. As usual, the Welshmen seem to have a fine side in the making, with any number of powerful forwards and some exceptionally dangerous backs. A. R. Ralph, of Newport, for example, is to my mind the best stand-off half in the four countries, a brilliant player who only needs the right partner at scrum-half to become a match-winner. Here at once the Welsh Selectors have an awkward problem to solve—are they to experiment again with W. C. Powell, that erratic master of the unexpected, or will they plump for safety in the person of Maurice Turnbull? Powell is approaching the veteran stage now, but he has been a great scrum-half, and is not lightly to be discarded. Turnbull, as his successor, would be comparatively colourless, a steady machine without inspiration, and yet it may be that a machine is necessary to make the most of Ralph's genius in attack.

THEN what about the Welsh centres? Last year F. Williams and C. Davey were very ordinary, and quite unable to bring out the value of R. W. Boon and J. L. Morley on the wings, but it seems probable that these two players will represent Wales again. Williams is reputed to have improved considerably, or it might have been reasonable to suppose that V. G. S. Jenkins, of Oxford, would supplant him at left centre. It is a pity that Williams and Jenkins are both left-centres, and that Boon and A. H. Thomas are both left-wings. Boon is in great form nowadays, but so is Thomas, a wing three-quarter from Cardiff, who has increased his reputation by leaps and bounds this year. Whether it is worth while trying Thomas on the right wing is a nice point, though it is rarely that a wing is as effective when he is moved from one side of the field to the other. Still, Wales undoubtedly have some most useful attacking players, and if only the Welsh forwards are properly led, England may look out for squalls at Twickenham.

PERSONALLY, I always have an unpatriotic longing for Ireland to win all her matches—there is something rather stirring about the way Ireland, with so few players at her disposal, invariably manages to turn out such rattling good sides. And Ireland will be formidable again this year, unless I 'm much mistaken, with G. R. Beamish to lead a lusty pack—watch young W. McC. Ross, by the way, a grand forward—and E. W. F. de V. Hunt to act as spear-head for a fast and adventurous three-quarter line. The Irishmen are not particularly strong at half-back, perhaps, though Paul Murray and E. O'D. Davy are quite a useful pair. It is these forwards and three-quarters we have to fear, and it will be interesting to see whether P. B. Cootè is given a place in the centre. Coote, with his uncommonly strong running and general utility, would be chosen for any of the other countries, I think, but I have an idea that Hunt and Morgan Crowe will be the Irish centres again this year, with Lightfoot and Waide on the wings. Lightfoot is a nimble enough player, but Waide on the left wing is the man for my money.

AS for Scotland, there are as yet no signs that she is out of the doldrums. She is in the painful stage of building up a side from young and comparatively raw material, and it is difficult to tell how she will fare. The Scottish Selectors, I note, gave H. B. D. Lorraine and K. L. Jackson, of Oxford, and K. C. Fyfe, of Cambridge, trials on Saturday, though I thought they might also have tried Kelly, the Oxford back-row forward, who is qualified for Scotland. It is quite possible that Fyfe will be given a cap, for he is a thrustful wing, and there are definite possibilities about Lorraine's penetrative power in the centre. It is good to see these young players coming along, for Scotland of late have been alarmingly short of half-backs and three-quarters.

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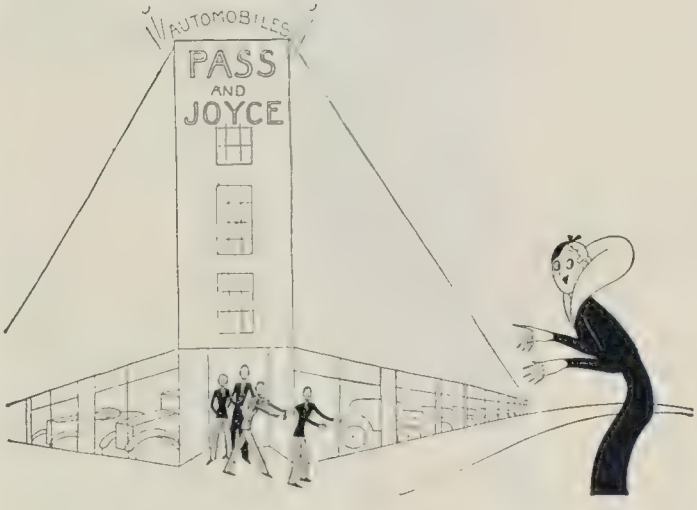

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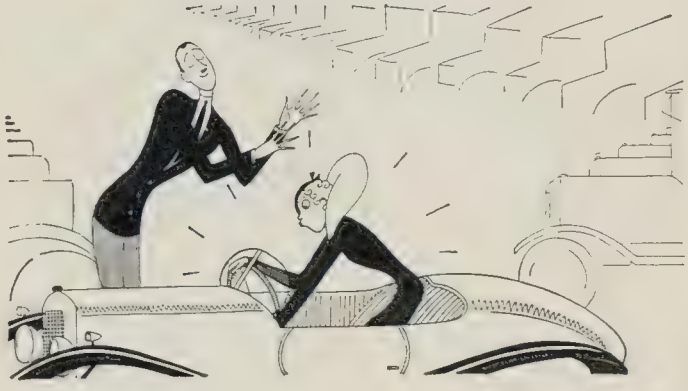

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Women's Golf: By Eleanor E. Helme

Confidence or No: "Steel Shaft" writes to Two Runners-up

DEAR BYSTANDER—,

I HAVE just been introduced to Kargo, the new card golf game, and feel as if I must hastily tell all my friends and acquaintances to get it and play it, so let me start on you. Don't be put off by a rather formidable-looking book of rules; start playing it and you will find that all the essential rules are common sense, and, what is more, golf sense, and therefore perfectly easy to follow. Honestly, it 's the best fun I 've met for a long time. I sat down to play a game against a rather ungamy friend who is a very dilettante golfer; she was as fascinated as I was, and a non-golfing onlooker sat there and simply chuckled over the pair of us. Briefly, it is this: You are dealt a hand of eight cards, representing strokes, which you play yourself, and hazards into which you put your opponent. There 's no space to tell you all the amusing situations that can arise, nor the scope for real judgment, and I expect everybody will be playing it before 1932 is out.

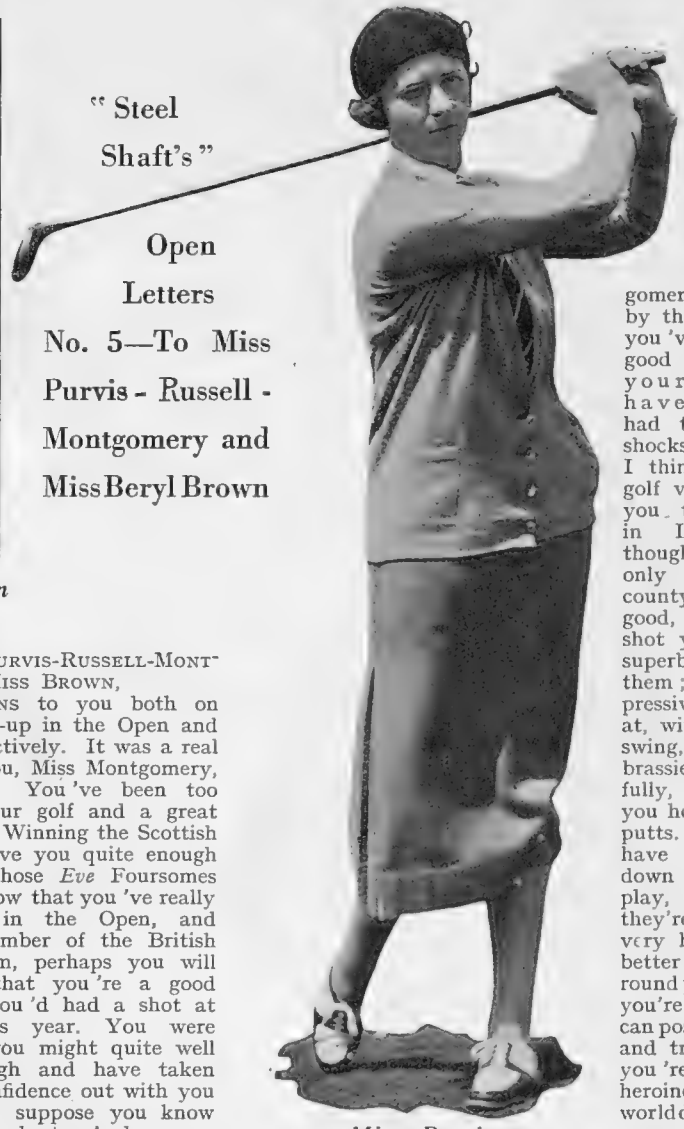
Now for "Steel Shaft's" letter of the week. I quite agree—don't you?—that there 's a big difference between conceit and confidence. Confidence does help, only it must be built on a solid foundation of fact and not just on pious expressions of belief by your admiring family and friends. I never have been able to see why being able to play golf should make anybody conceited. There are too many set-backs for everybody, too many days when a certain number of shots are hit thoroughly badly; but, at the same time, surely a certain amount of confidence is quite justifiable? You know you can hit that wretched ball sometimes. Why not try and believe that no one will hit it more often than one does? A terrible lot of people go out beaten before ever they leave the first tee, quite persuaded that they cannot possibly defeat the particular opponent of the moment. There may be some games—tennis most certainly, polo, I imagine—where the weaker player can hardly ever win, but it does happen so often at golf that anybody is a pessimistic idiot who does not feel that it might happen to them. They can get the holes in four or five. The opponent cannot for ever go on doing them in birdies; she may be human and break down, and then faith in one's own right arm (with, possibly, the left as well) can do wonders. Realising the possibility of wrong ought not to prevent the determination to do right.

MRS. HUGH PERCY is a splendid example of confidence on the green. Not for nothing is she known as "One-Putt Percy," for the number of times that the nickname is a perfect description of her golf is far greater than of slips on the green. Probably putting is, above all, a matter of confidence. The lack of it has been Miss Wethered's undoing at those rare moments when she has been undone. I have known golfers—in fact, I 'm one of them myself—given such confidence by somebody's good opinion of their putting that even to think determinedly of that somebody when walking up to a doubtful putt has an almost magical effect on the ball's destination. "So-and-So says I 'm a good putter. I know she 'd expect me to hole this; I can hole it"; and the ball goes down.

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME.

Miss Beryl Brown

"Steel Shaft's" Open Letters No. 5—To Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery and Miss Beryl Brown



Miss Purvis–Russell-Montgomery

MY DEAR MISS PURVIS-RUSSELL-MONTGOMERY AND MISS BROWN,

CONGRATULATIONS to you both on being runners-up in the Open and the English respectively. It was a real good thing for you, Miss Montgomery, that you were. You 've been too humble about your golf and a great deal too retiring. Winning the Scottish didn't seem to give you quite enough fillip, nor even those *Eve* Foursomes at Gullane, but now that you 've really been runner-up in the Open, and accordingly a member of the British International team, perhaps you will at last believe that you 're a good golfer. I wish you 'd had a shot at the Scottish this year. You were playing so well you might quite well have gone through and have taken all that added confidence out with you to France; but I suppose you know your own business best. And as you had such a smashing win with Miss Pentony in the Foursomes, and a real good one in the Singles as well, nobody can say anything about how you trained yourself for the match.

I don't quite see what holes I 'm going to pick in your game. Of course, you waste a terrible lot of length by that old cut of yours. Can't you find any pro. who could cure you of it? With your height you ought to hit a longer ball than you do. Still, your putting is more valuable than an extra yard or two. I like the way you hit the ball on the green, and I expect it is because you 're so steady there that you 're such a very good foursome player. Because I feel you must be a soothing partner or you wouldn't have been runner-up in the first Scottish Foursomes or won them at Gullane with Miss Susan Walker, who, I have been told, rather needs propping up at times.

Now for you, Miss Brown. I was going to say that yours is rather the opposite case to Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery. Don't think by that that I mean you 've ever had too good an opinion of your golf; you haven't. You 've had too many rude shocks for that; but I think it has made golf very difficult for you that everybody in Lancashire has thought you were the only player in the county that was any good, and that every shot you played was superb. I don't blame them; you 're an impressive player to look at, with that fine big swing, and you hit a brassie shot beautifully, and at times you hole a lot of long putts. But the critics have always been down on your mashie play, and I think they're right. Now, it's very hard to get any better if the people round you tell you that you're as good as you can possibly be already and try to make out you 're an injured heroine because all the world doesn't think the same. You 're a lucky golfer, but down at Ashdown this year you did deserve your luck, because you fought like a good 'un, which is a thing people have said you couldn't do. You needn't listen to them about that now; and I couldn't help admiring the way you 've evolved an iron or mashie shot all of your own to take the place of the usual sort that other people play.

I believe there was one round in the Northern Foursomes this year when it was Mrs. Barbour who pulled you through, but you must have played well yourself, as well. You used not to be able to take a beating, though I 'm sure that 's a thing of the past now, and you 'll get many less beatings just because you know how to take them.

Yours critically,
STEEL SHAFT.

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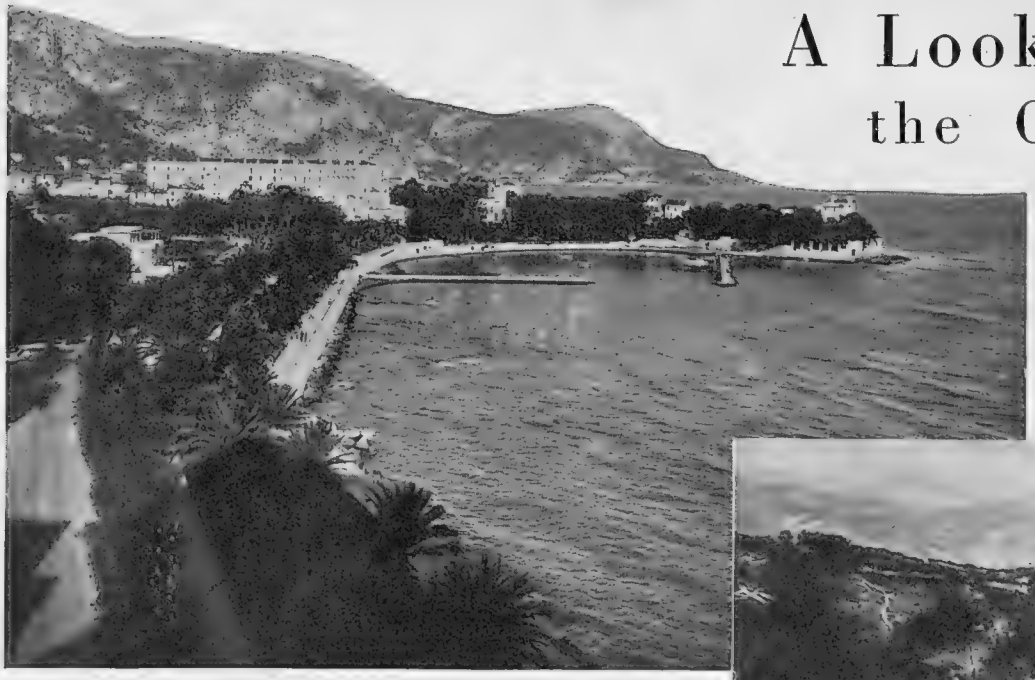
A Look Round the Côte d'Azur

Notes and News by "The Bystander" on the Riviera



A general view of Beaulieu, with its pretty sea-front and sheltered bay. The big building which is so prominent a feature is the Hotel Bristol. Beaulieu was the late Lord Salisbury's favourite resort

A photograph taken from the Grand Hotel, Cap Ferrat, looking eastwards, with the lofty mountains of Italy in the distance

It was the late Marie Lloyd who, in a famous song, uttered the sublime truth that "a bit of what you fancy does you good." Everybody has different fancies, but, for my own part, I wish nothing better than to leave Victoria Station in the super-comfortable "Golden Arrow," on a cold, frosty and foggy morning, such as London is famous for in the winter-time, and awaken the next morning in a Blue Train sleeper, to find a warm sun pouring into the window as the P.L.M. train is nearing Marseilles.

Visitors to the Riviera often give this town a miss and hurry onwards, but in this they are unwise, for time will not be wasted in spending a few days here seeing many interesting sights, and making pilgrimage to some of the jolly little coastal resorts which are near by.

But, as I say, most visitors, without breaking their journey, proceed eastwards forthwith to seek the sun—and it does not require much seeking—at the famous resorts which abound on the Riviera. One of the most famous of these is Cannes, but there are many attractive places before reaching there. There is, for instance, St. Raphael, which, both in winter and summer, possesses many attractions, with an environment of historical interest, and where, near by, the Golf Hotel at Valescure does not belie its name. There is also Hyères—not on the main line—which is about

(Continued on page 570)

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House and Estate Agent. Menton to Cannes.

A Look Round the Côte d'Azur

(Continued from page 568)

the most southerly resort in the south of France. This is a favourite spot frequented by travellers by boat from the East who wish to become acclimatised before braving the cold of an English winter, the cold of an English spring, and even the cold of an English summer.

HYÈRES is renowned for its golf, and at the Golf Hotel there the links are only three minutes from the front door. The Costebelle Hotels, too, have their own links. Ever since the game was introduced into England from over the Border, Sassenachs have become so wedded to it that it is not surprising that the Englishman abroad finds Hyères much to his liking, and that the British Colony there rejoices in an excellent English Club.

The Ile de Beauté, a fine boat of 2,600 tons and 5,700 h.p. belonging to the Fraissinet Co. on the service between Marseilles and Nice and Nice and Corsica

TURNING one's face once more eastward, we will jump forthwith to Cannes, which, nowadays, is as popular in summer as it is in winter. Time was when all the big hotels closed their doors about the end of April, but now that sun-bathing—not to mention sea-bathing—is so popular, Cannes has every reason to bless the healthy craze. Its lovely bay, with the islands dotted on it, makes this town one in which a pleasant visit can be spent at all times of the year.

ABOUT half an hour, or less, in one of the comfortable auto-buses and we are at Juan-les-Pins, which, in the last few years, has sprung into fame. What was once an almost unknown and quiet seaside watering-place is now renowned the world over. Hotels have sprung up, and the palatial Provençal Hotel towers over the end of the bay where the pine-trees cluster, while just beside it is a new hotel, the Ambassadeurs, which is the last word in modern artistic decoration. Here, again, the season is of the all-the-year-round variety, and there is a Casino so attractive that it must be a positive joy to lose money there! Even in winter-time the beach-pyjama is much in evidence, as are also the sun-bathers. They find a winter sun strong enough to add an extra depth of colour to their already bronzed forms.

JUAN-LES-PINS stands at one side of a promontory, and on the other is the equally famous resort, Cap d'Antibes with its pretty villas and the Grand Hotel du Cap standing sentinel over the renowned Eden Roc, where swimming-pools have been cut out of the low cliff. This bathing, and sun-bathing, place is, I should think, one of the most be-photographed social resorts in the world.

Once more going eastward and passing the excellent Nice Golf Links, which are at Cagnes S/M, we arrive at Nice, the biggest town on the Riviera. Even in the quietest times of the year Nice is a lively place, with plenty going on, and the town is always on the look-out to add to its attractions. At the moment, there is a project afoot to extend the Promenade des Anglais as far as Antibes. If this is done this renowned sea-front will be seven and-a-half miles long! Nice is prepared to pay the whole cost, including the bridging of the Var, provided permission can be obtained, and that road would be a double one with flower-beds in between. A big undertaking, truly.

(Continued on page 572)

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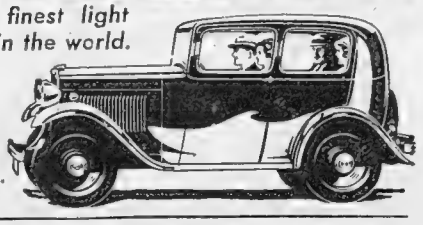

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Near Casino. MODERATE TERMS. E. Bremond.

A Look Round the Côte d'Azur :

Continued from page 570

ACCOMMODATION can be found at Nice to suit every purse, ranging as the Hotels do from the lordly palaces, such as the Riviera Palace, the Winter Palace, and the Hermitage, at Cimiez, the fashionable quarter, to the smaller houses which abound in Nice. Among what might be described as family hotels the Queen's, in the Boulevard Victor Hugo, is exceedingly comfortable, and the Silver Grill which is run in conjunction with it is a boon and a blessing to the diner-out. For devotees the Nice Lawn Tennis Club is one of the finest on the Riviera, and the Club-house is the last word in comfort, while for those who prefer a less strenuous, but more vocal, game, there are two bridge clubs at Nice. In addition to the Riviera Bridge Club, mentioned elsewhere in this issue, there is the New, which is housed in Ruhl's Hotel. Contract at one franc a hundred, or by arrangement, is played, and cards are set aside once a fortnight for a concert or lecture.

Should complete rest be required, there is the Villa Noël Clinic, situated in Cimiez, a most up-to-date nursing home, with beautiful views from roof and windows, and where, in an emergency, all the appliances of a modern hospital, including two operating theatres, will be found.

It is from the harbour of Nice that Corsica can be reached by the Fraissinet Company's steamers, and by taking this route one can leave London at 11 a.m. and be in Ajaccio on the following evening.

One of the many beauty spots of the Riviera. A view of Cap d'Ail, near Monte Carlo, with the Eden Hotel conspicuous on the right

The promenade at St. Raphael (Var), looking towards the harbour. The country round is rich in historical remains of the Roman occupation

NICE is, of course, within easy distance of Monte Carlo, which can be reached in half an hour by one of the luxurious motor-charabancs, and quicker still by a private car; but there are two quiet spots between the two towns which should not be neglected. At the point of Cap Ferrat is the Grand Hotel du Cap, with fine views from its windows and sand-bathing obtainable on the beach below. It is on this Cap that the Duke of Connaught has his beloved villa, while another is occupied by Mr. Somerset Maugham, the famous author and dramatist.

Another luxurious hotel is the Eden, at the end of Cap d'Ail, situated in fifteen acres of park, far from all noise and dust, and yet within ten minutes of Monte Carlo. The photograph reproduced on this page will give a better idea of its situation than any verbal description. The roads between Nice and Monte Carlo have been improved out of all knowledge, and work is still in progress on them. The upper, middle and lower Corniche roads are all now good, though careful driving is to be recommended. The shortest route is the lower, and motorists will heave a sigh of relief at discovering that those bugbears, tram-cars, have been scrapped, to the great benefit of all road-users.

IT is between Nice and the Principality that Beaulieu is situated. The big Bristol Hotel—one of the Gordon group—is, perhaps, at its gayest in February and April, when all the best lawn-tennis players congregate to play in the two open tournaments. Beaulieu is one of those beauty spots which would pay for development, for it is an ideal spot for bathing, and is not too big and not too small. There are beautiful villas in plenty, many of which are let in the season through the agency of Mrs. Adamson, and I understand that in the New Year the Casino here will re-open its doors.

ALL that can be said about Monte Carlo has been said time and again. Monte Carlo remains Monte Carlo, with this difference—that improvements are always being carried out. For instance, a new road has been built which runs along the coast directly from the Principality to Monte Carlo Beach, the summer resort for bathing and a flutter at the tables. Something else new is also evident in the service flats, run on English lines by the Hotel Metropole, in the Avenue des Fleurs, overlooking exotic gardens. General and Mrs. Chandos-Pole, the Rt. Hon. Sir Harry Samuel and Lady Samuel, Brigadier-General Sir Joseph Byrne and Lady Byrne are among those who have already taken advantage of this form of accommodation, which is new to Monte Carlo.

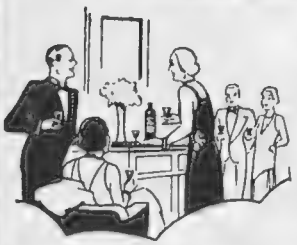
IT is erroneously supposed that Monte Carlo is expensive. Of course, if one occupies a lordly suite at one of the biggest hotels, such as the Metropole or Hotel de Paris, one must expect to pay for it; but so far as the former is concerned, the Metropole, which is another of the Gordon group, obviates any loss to visitors by fluctuation in exchange, by quoting terms in sterling and receiving payment by English cheque, so that no cash ever leaves this country. Both these hotels are within a stone's throw of the Casino, and equally close is the Hotel Terminus Palace, a smaller house, with a roof garden from which a superb view of the surrounding country can be obtained. The Mirabeau is another hotel in the centre of things, overlooking the sea; and there are many others, more or less luxurious, with terms according.

Monte Carlo is a place where some people turn night into day and day into night. Life does not start for them till the Casino opens, but cocktail time, soon after midday as well as in the afternoon—licensing restrictions would be laughed at—always collects a cosmopolitan crowd at such places as Oscar's Grill and the Knickerbocker, which is the only establishment in Monte Carlo outside of which is a "Dog's Bar."

AND now to Menton, Monte Carlo's near neighbour on the east. Well sheltered from northerly and easterly winds, this town is always a popular resort in winter. Apart from its climate, the town itself is most attractive, and hotels of all sorts and conditions can be found here. There is, for instance, the palatial Imperial Hotel, with its own pleasant garden, at the back of the town, while nearer the Italian border, also in an elevated situation, is the Bellevue Hotel, at which the poet Richard le Gallienne always stays on his visits to the Riviera. Seekers after health patronise Menton in large numbers, and for those who wish to recuperate or find an aid to convalescence, the Château Mer et Monts, where Lady de Frece was restored to health, under the charge of Dr. G. M. Séguel, is a perfect resting-place. Menton is also lucky in possessing a model dairy, La Colla, run by Prince Michael Imeritinsky, where milk of the quality of Grade A in England is appreciated greatly not only by invalids, but those in robust health. Menton is less of a cocktail- and more of a tea-drinking town than most, and the "five-o'clock" tea-rooms, such as the Davington in the Roquebrun area, are popular rendezvous after a constitutional.

ALSO, if you should cross the border into Italy, only a mile or so away, you will note the enormous improvement made in the roads by "Mr. Smith," as a certain famous Italian is called by the English colony. But Italy is another story.

"Listen to the Whispers of Little Lady Liqueur"



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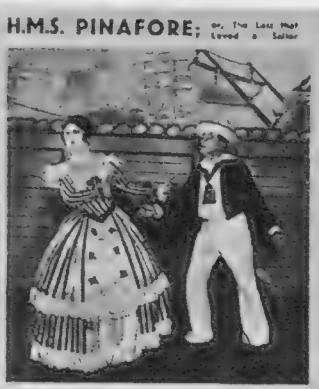

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Greyhound Racing : By "White Citizen"

Most people, even those who are of the kill-joy variety and, therefore, opponents of all forms of pleasant evening occupations (opponents of greyhound racing come almost exclusively from this class), have by now been forced to admit that greyhound racing has come to stay. At first, when the sport was introduced at Belle Vue, Manchester, to the British public, and later in London and elsewhere, the very fact that such large crowds came to the various stadiums and attended the meetings gave the opponents of greyhound racing a certain handle to use in their loud-voiced objections. As with all new entertainments, a large number of people will always come to the initial meetings in order to see whether they like it or not, and this crowd will dwindle of necessity, leaving only those who remain permanently interested in that form of sport to which the entertainment may belong.

This happened with greyhound racing, as it is bound to happen with all innovations of this description, and the immense crowds which used to attend have dwindled away until, raising their voices even more loudly than usual, opponents of greyhound racing foresaw the doom of the sport from lack of support. But all that happened was that the crowds came down from the preposterous size with which they started to a level which was more than sufficient, not merely to keep the sport alive, but to keep it very active indeed, and this level is steadily increasing with every meeting held in the country at the moment. For more and more have the public been realising not merely what an excellent way of spending an evening greyhound racing offers to them, but also how very clean and above-board it all is on those tracks which are licensed by the National Greyhound Racing Club.

Figures show that with every meeting a greater number are becoming interested in the sport, both at Harringay and at the White City in London, and these figures are only examples of what is going on at every track throughout the country.

On a recent Saturday morning, interested on this point myself, I happened to look at a list of meetings to be held in the London area that evening. I discovered that, on tracks licensed by the National Greyhound Racing Club, there were to be 59 races, and in these races approximately 320 dogs were about to take part. It was impossible actually to forecast the exact number of people who were going to watch these dogs race, but this side of the matter is not the only one of importance. It should be remembered that, to keep 320 racing greyhounds in absolutely first-class condition for their races, it is necessary to employ a large staff of trainers and kennel boys. It is also necessary to employ at the various tracks another large staff, who will be looking after the crowds assembled and generally dealing with the hundred-and-one tasks which are inevitable in the efficient running of any large stadium. And, as well, there are many others more indirectly employed, such as journalists and the clerks in the various offices which are kept up both at the training kennels and by the stadium authorities. All this just counting the London area!

Greyhound racing, therefore, is doing its bit, by giving the public what it has definitely shown that it wants, and by giving employment when unemployment is so rife. Supporting the sport, therefore, can almost be described as a pleasant duty.

Father Christmas at Northaw

The visitor of the season at the Greyhound Racing Association kennels; but what does Father Christmas take for the greyhounds, one of which is looking very anxious?

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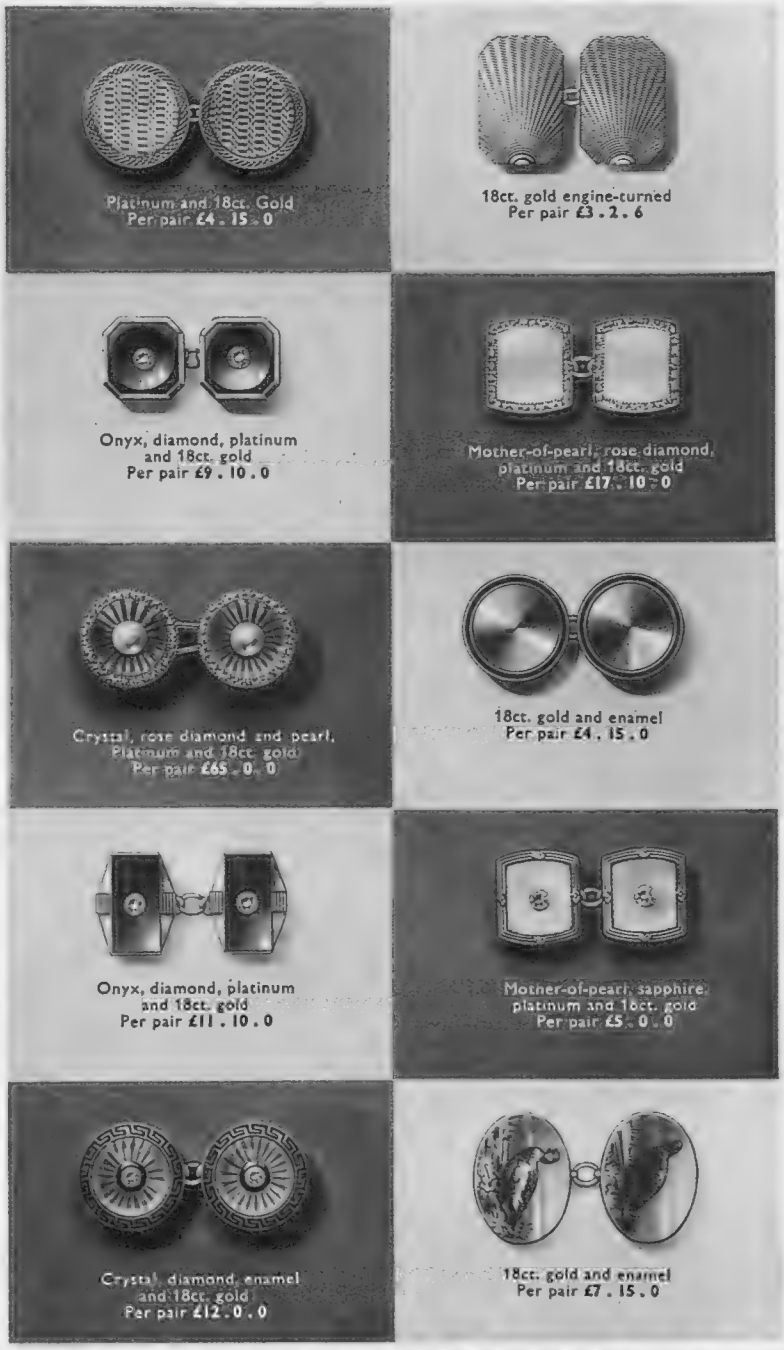

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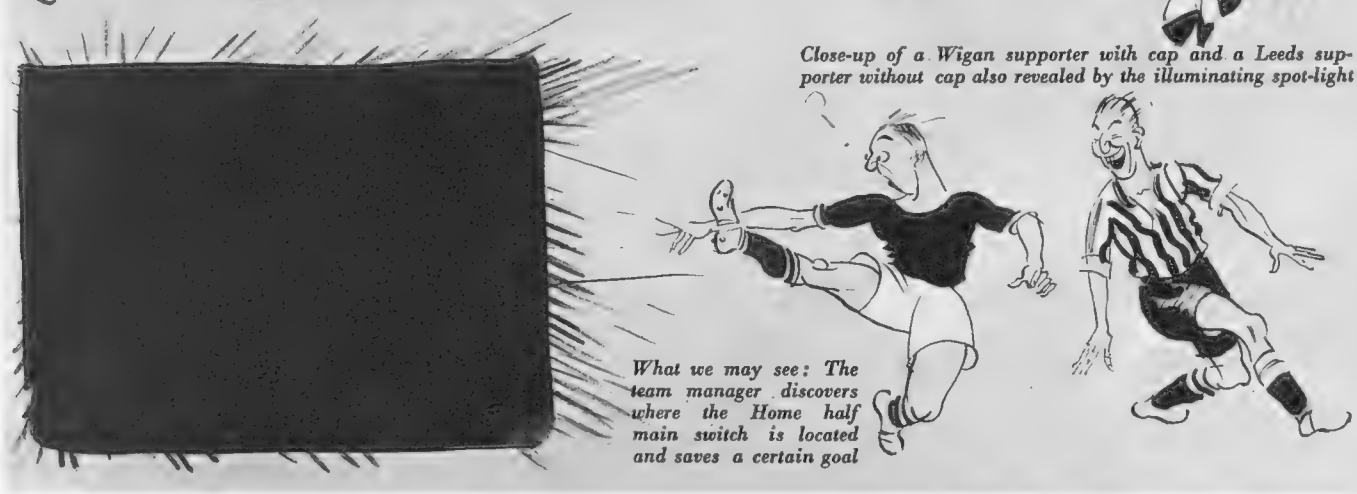
—and Leeds go all freckles

Sad fate of a bald-headed referee getting it in the neck

Spot-light of a goal-getter's greeting

Close-up of a Wigan supporter with cap and a Leeds supporter without cap also revealed by the illuminating spot-light



What we may see: The team manager discovers where the Home half main switch is located and saves a certain goal

Light and Shade: Floodlight Football at the White City

High Lights—and a Few Low Ones—by "The Bystander" Artist, H. H. Harris

Travel to the Riviera by Air

By Capt. C. E. Ward

An Air Union liner, of the Rapid Azur service, waiting at Le Bourget to embark passengers for Cannes. The machine is a Bréguet, adapted from the type used on the non-stop flight from Paris to New York

Pilot and passenger for the British International film of the "King's Cup." Harry Milton plays the lead with his beautiful wife, Dorothy Bouchier, both of whom fly regularly at Hanworth

Sasha

Breakfast in London—Tea in Cannes

WHETHER you own a Moth, hire an air-taxi, or just pay your fare to travel by the French Air Express, it is a simple matter to reach the South of France from London in a day; even the few hours of daylight during our winter are sufficient for the journey to Cannes, and other centres are within a short drive by car. To the private owner, a flight to France is the easiest of journeys to arrange. At Heston, for instance, the Automobile Association has produced the route maps and prepared a Carnet for a machine at twenty minutes' notice. This is the only document necessary in addition to the usual log-books belonging to the 'plane and passports for the pilot and passengers. The Carnet costs members of the Royal Aero Club twenty-five shillings for a machine under £1000 in value, and is valid for a year. Non-members pay an extra guinea, which is marvellously cheap in comparison with the expense of taking over a car. Paris, Dijon, Lyons, and Marseilles are the main airports en route, with others at Montelimar, Avignon, and Orange. The surface of the aerodrome at Marseilles is in a bad state at the present time, owing to flooding, and pilots should keep a sharp look-out for the safe landing-strip. To reach Cannes it is necessary to fly inland from this point, most of the coast line as far as Frejus being a prohibited area, and no landing should be made at the latter town except in a real emergency. Mandelieu Aerodrome at Cannes is excellent, though rather small, and that at Nice has a good run in one direction only, parallel to the sea.

Cheap Fares by Air Express

FROM Friday, December 23rd, to Tuesday, January 3rd, the Air Union is operating excursions to Cannes at £20 15s. return, which is considerably cheaper than the best trains and takes less than half the time. Air-liners of the "Golden Ray" class leave Croydon at 8 a.m., Cannes being reached at 4 p.m., an overall travelling time of eight hours. The through service to the South of France is being run this year during the winter for the first time. The same company connects with the mail steamers calling at Marseilles to and from the East, bringing passengers and mails to Paris and London. There is a daily service also from Marseilles to Tunis, calling at Ajaccio in Corsica. Flying-boats leave at seven in the morning, making Tunis by five in the afternoon, and the single fare is 1000 francs, with a reduction of 5 per cent. for a return journey.

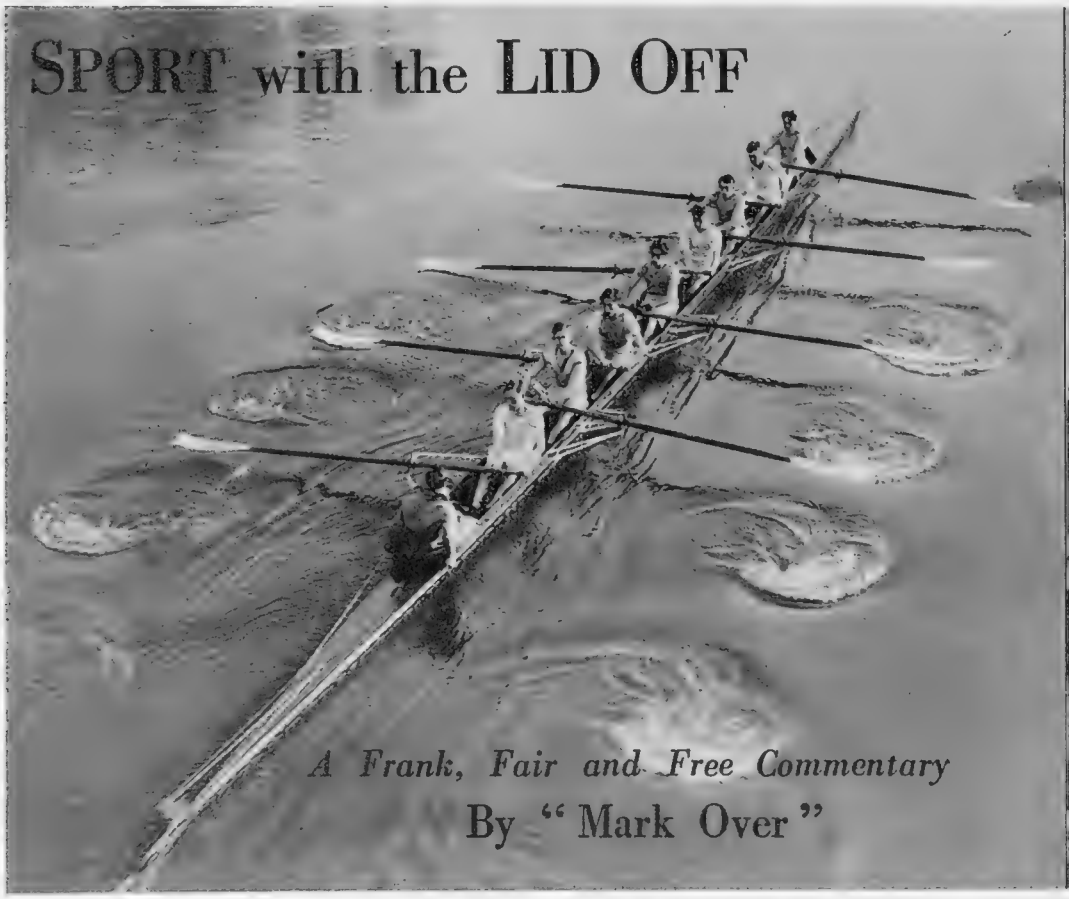
The Viceroy's Challenge Trophy

THE annual race for this Trophy will be held on February 10th, starting and finishing at Delhi, over a course of approximately 700 miles, to be flown in one day. In addition to the principal prize, several other cups and something like £300 in cash will be distributed. According to information from India, the race is open to all pilots using any type of civil aeroplane, which is an advance on last year's rules, which restricted entries to "A" licensed pilots. It is hoped that manufacturers and pilots will compete from countries other than India, and in the case of firms wishing to enter a machine without the expense of flying it out or sending a pilot from England, the Aero Club of India and Burma will nominate experienced pilots resident in India, and can also provide qualified ground engineers for erection and service. Every one who matters is in Delhi during February, so that any machines new to India would get plenty of publicity, with a very good chance of sale to the Princes and wealthy business men who forgather in the capital once a year. The Monospar, Fox Moth, Dragon Moth and Gull are types which should sell, being specially suited to the country. Entry forms can be obtained from the Royal Aero Club, London.

Air-Taxis in Great Demand

THE aeroplane, as a vehicle, has advantages peculiar to itself, including high speed for covering the "dead" mileage to reach an objective and the facility of reaching the objective by the shortest possible route, in addition to which, many places off the map by other means of travel are brought within a few days or a few hours by air to those who can afford to pay the price. That this price is not too high can be gauged from the large amount of private hire business which is secured by the leading air-transport companies every year. Imperial Airways have hired an Avro 10 and a D.H. 50, with pilots, to the Iraq Petroleum Company for transport of staff and material over the new pipe-line route. A film company has hired a Westland "Wessex" for work in Palestine and Syria, and this was flown out by Captain G. P. Olley to Jerusalem. A party of big-game hunters have taken another Avro 10 from Imperial Airways for a flight from Cairo to Arusha in Tanganyika, where it will remain attached to their camp until the expedition is finished, afterwards transporting them to Port Sudan. Every week, air-taxis leave Heston, Hanworth, and Brooklands for different parts of England, Ireland and the Continent. Their pilots know the airways as well as the London taxi-driver his streets; very seldom does either have to stop and ask the way. The London Gliding Club is holding a special course from December 26 to January 4.

SPORT with the LID OFF



A Frank, Fair and Free Commentary

By "Mark Over"

The Wadham College Eight which rowed from Oxford to Twickenham to witness the "Rugger" match and deliver their boat, which had been sold. The picture was taken from Staines Bridge, and shows the crew nearing their destination and still going strong

Oxford scored the biggest possible wi Race, which took place at Horto the Cambridge team on the bridge befo

By the time you read this the weather will doubtless have changed entirely; at the moment, it is pestilentially cold, which makes it all the more odd that I should be thinking of fishing. But I have reason to think of the gentle art, for a friend of mine has just seen with his own eyes a roach weighing three pounds and one ounce.

This, I may tell you, is a prodigious fish: it was caught by the Secretary of the Red Spinners Angling Society, and caught, moreover, in that stronghold of dry-fly purists, the Test. And I am prepared to argue that just as much skill and knowledge went to the taking of this superb roach as goes to the capture of the noble trout in the waters of the Houghton Club.

There are those who affect to despise coarse fishing, but they are the unfortunate victims of ignorance. It is a lovely art, this fine and far-off fishing for roach and chub and the elusive carp and tench, an art only acquired after years of study and practice. I wish those who scoff at it could see one of the masters in action: a man like the late Fred Jeffries, for example, who could charm fish from the most unlikely places by a magic of his own, and whose death a few months ago has left a gap among the great angling personalities which can never quite be filled.

I WISH, too, that I could sneak away myself, cold though it is, for a day or two by the Avon, for there is a peculiar fascination about winter fishing. The leaves may be off the trees, but in every season of the year the water-meadows have a beauty of their own, and the dip of the quill float in those dark, quiet waters, and afterwards the blazing fire and the mug of ale at the inn—these are delights to lure any journalist from his desk.

WHILE we are talking of the river, I hear that Oxford are likely to have a useful crew for the Boat Race, judging on the form shown in the Trial Eights. It is true that a certain most knowledgeable Oxford man spoke to me in extremely disparaging—and unprintable—terms of rowing at the 'Varsity; but I have reason to believe that he was prejudiced. Whether Mosley, Edwards or Holdsworth will stroke the boat remains to be seen, but at present the odds are that Holdsworth will come back, for Mosley has a tendency to be late on his crew. And then we want to know whether Cambridge really will use swivels in the Boat Race—personally, I doubt it, and in the Trials it was curious to note that the crews rowed in the most orthodox manner. What have they to say about it at Jesus and Pembroke? Is the day of unorthodoxy passing?

We can also ask questions just now about lawn tennis, for the discussion upon the subsidised player at the L.T.A. annual meeting last week was significant. The proposal that players should sign a declaration with their entry form for tournaments stating that they had not, directly or indirectly, any pecuniary interest in the particular firm supplying equipment for the tournament, and did not derive any monetary benefit, and would not receive any hospitality or rebate, was rejected. On the other hand, it was decided to append a notice in similar terms to the entry form which they are expected to fill up for every tournament, so that players now will have no excuse for ignoring or pleading ignorance of the Association's laws.

THIS is all to the good, for there are, undoubtedly, far too many shamateurs in lawn tennis, and the time has come to take a firm stand against the exploitation of an excellent game. Already sports goods manufacturers offer to secure well-known players for tournaments on the understanding that their equipment is used, a practice which is clearly harmful and open to abuse. One fact which struck me in the discussion was that the declaration was not made to apply to the National Hard Courts and Grass Championships: (*a*) because foreign competitors might be barred from entering; (*b*) our own players might be affected, and our chance of winning championships thus impaired. This attitude to the problem of amateurism seems to me illogical and unfortunate. The issue is clear cut: either lawn tennis is an amateur game or it is not. If it is to be strictly amateur, then the definition

F. D. Amr Bey, perhaps the finest squash rackets player in the world, who beat E. Snell (right) in the final of the Amateur Championship

...er Cambridge in the Cross-Country ...irby. The photograph above shows ...y were beaten by 15 points to 40

of amateur status must be applied as strictly to the championships at Wimbledon as to the smallest tournament at Slushington-on-Sea. What, in fact, is needed, before we can be convinced that only amateurs play tennis, is an international definition of the amateur status, by which all players must abide. If this is not forthcoming, then we may as well face up squarely to the fact that lawn tennis is a professional game.

IT would be comforting, incidentally, if we had any tennis players as adept at their form of amusement as Amr Bey is at his. I thought, as I watched Amr Bey beating E. Snell so easily in the final of the Amateur Squash Rackets championship, that here is a player who has surely reached the limits of human perfection at a ball game. There is no doubt that Amr Bey is the finest exponent of squash rackets the world has ever seen—his grace of movement, his mixture of power and delicacy in stroke play, and his sense of anticipation make him unbeatable.

C. J. Mabey and J. E. Lovelock, who finished bracketed first for Oxford in the inter-University Cross-Country Race

J. S. O. Haslewood and W. H. Lister shaking hands on the Chelsea Ground before the kick-off of the 'Varsity match, won by Cambridge

I HEAR, by the way, that a movement is afoot to build squash rackets courts all over the country, and that a beginning is being made in Ealing. Whether this is a result of my paragraphs on the subject a few weeks ago, I don't know, but there is also a business man's squash club being started in the basement of the Imperial Chemicals building, at Westminster, and the courts and general amenities promise to be exceptional.

IN the boxing world there is considerable activity. Len Harvey continues to please his followers, and he certainly fought with determination and skill when he beat Cast-Iron Casey at Newcastle the other day. If only he will keep up this aggressive mood of his, we shall have him annexing a world's championship yet, and it is also pleasing to note that Reggie Meen has staged something of a come-back.

Amazing Whoopee!

(Continued from page 545)

pageants with the reopening of the Sporting Club on January 15th. At Monaco, shipload after shipload comes ashore from the luxury liners to sample the Casino. Even people on a pleasure cruise get wearied after a time of contract bridge and the sweep on the ship's run.

LAST year they had wonderful weather in the South of France, and it looks as though the cold cycle is now definitely over for a number of years. In the Kitchen they have introduced the five-franc table, so that all the small gamblers can have their fling with comparative impunity once more. At Cannes the Casino is still under François André, the greatest showman of them all. And the most confirmed woman-hater will be revising his opinions in the Restaurant des Ambassadeurs. I always have a friendly feeling for this place ever since a South American girl gave me a hundred-franc tip for dancing with her—she thought I was a gigolo! No doubt Max and Robert, and the other two professionals, will all be there again at the table near the orchestra.

ROUND the corner is Maxime's, and what a merry little dive it always is, to be sure! Sometimes you may be pleasantly embarrassed there, but it is hard to feel embarrassed in France, and particularly in the South of France. At Nice you sit in the lounge of the Negresco and half the world goes by. Rex Ingram chose Nice for his studios, for the meteorological reason that for the past half-century there has never been less than three hundred fine days in every year. If you know of a better hole, go to it. Personally, I have always thought that if, for some reason, I could not live in London, Nice would be my next choice. Its broad avenues and warmth and colour; its solid but fascinating shops; its cafés and zincs, with the eternal dice on the counter—I am very fond of Nice. People say that it is less smart than Cannes or Monte Carlo. Maybe, but throughout the Riviera, this winter, you are going to find that the Russian salad which used to exist there has given place to a more elegant society. The cads and the bounders have gone. The people will be gay instead of being loud, and the fashions will be smart instead of ostentatious and freakish.

A HOLIDAY on the Riviera, whether you go there for winter sun or winter sin, is always fascinating. It is the last lesson to be learnt in the school of humanity. You learn that Grand Dukes can still behave like Grand Dukes; that cocottes are the most charming losers and winners at the chemin-de-fer tables; that gigolos are not so bad as they paint themselves, and that you can win as well as lose at roulette.

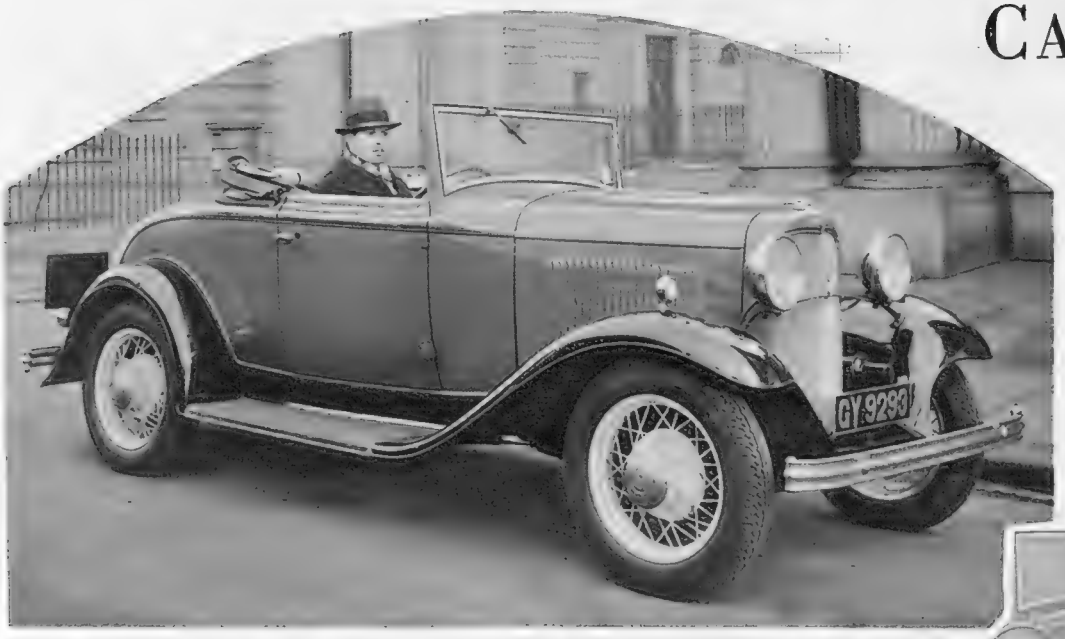
YOU also find, to your surprise, if you take a villa there, that the prices of vegetables and such-like are cheaper than they are in London. I have always wanted to live in a villa in the South of France. Nothing could be more idyllic for a few weeks at this time of the year. Best-sellers are dotted all along the coast between Menton and Toulon, and best-sellers are not fools. Nor is it just a matter of income-tax with them. They have to depend on their brains and their health for their livelihood, and pleasant surroundings are an investment for them. No wonder, say I, after having been there so often, that they choose the South of France, with its mimosa blossoms and tulips and palm-trees. No wonder, too, that exiled Shahs, deposed Sultans, refugee Grand Dukes, and excommunicated Kings, like to forget their woes under its blue skies and orange parasols.

As the Weston Brothers say: "Amazing whoopee!" C. G.

CARS with a Personality

The New "V-8" Ford

By The Earl of Cardigan

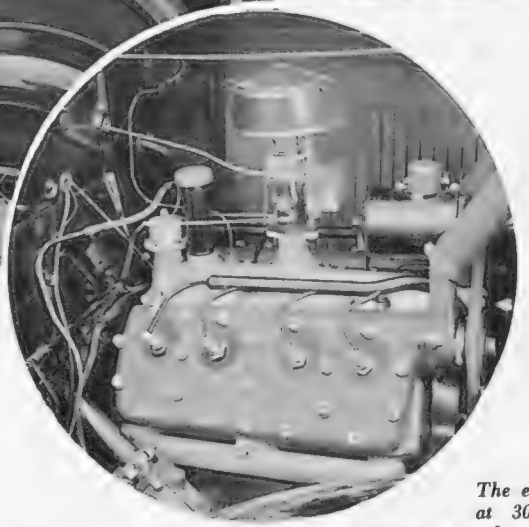


The low and sturdy build of the car is well seen from the front. The bumper, unfortunately, conceals a very interesting feature—the transverse front spring

The "V-8" Ford, besides having a most exceptional performance on the road at all speeds, is a thoroughly attractive and good-looking motor-car

I WAS writing recently in praise of the pursuit of truth by those who compose the slogans for the motor catalogues. What, I wonder, should be the verdict on the man who thus describes the "V-8" Ford: "The greatest thrill in motoring!"?

One may, of course, say "Pooh!" and dismiss the phrase as being mere "poetic licence." I believe, however, that anyone who actually tries this car will be disposed to be more lenient. To be quite frank, the Ford is definitely not the car which has thrilled me most in motoring; but, on the other hand, when I try to enumerate the cars which have thrilled me more, I find it difficult to name more than a very few. Certainly I can think of none selling at anywhere near the moderate price of the new "V-8" model Ford.



The dickey-seat is genuinely comfortable, with good upholstery and ample leg-room

With the folding head raised, all the comfort of a closed car is obtained, and there is a useful space behind the seat where light luggage can be carried

THAT the car has some "thrilling" quality about it is, I think, indisputable. Trying to analyse this thrill, I believe that I have tracked it down to three of the car's best and outstanding features; the horse-power is relatively high; the gear ratios also are unusually high; and the chassis is relatively compact and light.

The effect is this. One engages first gear, and starts away. Instead of achieving very high engine "revs." and very little speed, one at once finds plenty of speed available—up to a maximum of perhaps 30 m.p.h.—at very moderate "revs." One changes up, at any convenient pace, into second gear. The latter, being a synchro-mesh ratio, engages absolutely silently, and cannot possibly be "crashed."

In second gear, one finds already at one's disposal rather more speed than one is normally likely to use. Something like 60 m.p.h. is obtainable in this gear, and at the more normal climbing speed of, say, 40 m.p.h., the "revs." are, of course, relatively very low. In top gear, similarly, there is a maximum speed of about 80 m.p.h., so that the engine, when cruising at 60 m.p.h. or so, never has any need to exert itself.

The engine, rated at 30 h.p., develops such power that it seldom has to exert itself fully. The eight cylinders are arranged in two blocks of four

THE chassis being light, and the eight-cylinder engine being of 30 h.p., none of the theoretical objections to a high-geared car are in any way apparent. Flexibility is excellent; very low speeds are possible in top gear; and the car will accelerate with amazing vigour.

With excellent springing (on the traditional Ford transverse system), good steering, road-holding and braking qualities, and with no more serious faults than an inaccessible hand-brake and an unopenable windscreen, here is a wonderful proposition at under £300.

Readers are requested *not* to ask me why no such car, at such a price, is made in England. My opinion of our horse-power tax can only be expressed in two words—too short for one of these articles—or in five thousand—which is too long!

The Doggy World

Quebec Gives Up Racing: By Lady Kitty Ritson

THE great Dog Derby at Quebec has been abandoned, according to the news in one of the weekly dog-papers, partly owing to expense, it is stated.

It was a picturesque gathering that took place there in February, and Quebec went mad for the three days of the race. There were people in every sort of costume, from ski-ers to the "mushers" themselves, who, as often as not, wore embroidered parkas, mukluks, and fur hoods. There were Americans, English sportsmen, Indians, and the usual mixture of a cosmopolitan city.

The race took place on three successive days, being run over a distance of forty miles each day. There were men amongst the runners whose names out there were household words: Earl Brydges, St. Goddar, and Sepalla, the celebrated Scandinavian "musher." The start was wildly exciting. The crisp snow, the bright colours, and the dogs themselves made a fascinating picture. There were generally seven dogs in a team, and the regulations were formed so as to eliminate as far as possible any cruelty. But that a certain amount of cruelty may have been inevitable is not to be denied, and, on the whole, I am not sure that it is not a good thing that it is being abandoned.

A team of dogs that took part in the races at Quebec; these dogs were bred for speed, but are too light, both in build and coat, for the real work of the Arctic winter

THE setting was becoming too artificial. The real place to see these races is in the far north, where the snow is deeper and the surroundings are fiercely natural. But the chief danger lay in the fact that racing teams tend to spoil the breed of dog that is needed in Arctic climates. The Canadian Commission that went to investigate conditions with a view to copying the American Government and supplying reindeer herds to feed the Eskimo, found great difficulty in obtaining suitable dogs, simply because of these and other dog races. "Mushers," being anxious to obtain speed, had introduced "outside" crosses of smooth-coated dogs, which, while they might be fast, were absolutely incapable of resisting an Arctic climate. They also failed in the matter of feet. Now this shortage of suitable dogs is very serious, for transport in the far north must always be dependent upon dog haulage, both in the winter and in the summer (the latter with pack-dogs). While aeroplanes are useful for surveying and search-parties, they can never take the place of dogs in the ordinary everyday life of the north, just as business firms, in this country, fall back upon horse transport for short journeys with many stoppages.

The prizes in these races were very valuable, and many people made as much a business out of going round the country to run in them as a professional horse-shower does here. Therefore, the right breed of dog (heavy-coated, powerful, sagacious, and of the spitz family) was being ousted for gun-dog crosses and Great Dane and even pointer. The illustration shows the wrong type of racing dog that was being bred.

The Gentle Art of being Beautiful:

By "Maquillage"

THE PERFECT SHAMPOO.

At last—a unique preparation to restore supple silkiness and new life and beauty to the hair.

HAIRDRESSING is a modern cult, with a credo based on feminine love of variety. Almost every day some new fashion in colouring, cut or setting is launched. Women are platinum, streaked, wind-swept, in quick succession; they wear a long bob (bother Greta Garbo!) or a plastic coiffure. Two of the latest innovations are the barrister wig effects and lacquered postiches. Fashionable coiffeurs de dames must, of course, either lead or follow in this kaleidoscopic masquerade, but it must be admitted that immediate effect is often considered rather than the ultimate results, and the modern way of a maid with her hair may make her too utterly chic at the moment at the cost of destroying the natural beauty and health of her hair, unless some precautions are taken.

PERMANENT waving, expertly done, should not have any ill-effect, but it is apt to be slightly drying if the hair is naturally fine, fluffy, and brittle. White henna, with which a platinum bleach is achieved, will, in time, absorb the natural oils, and, apart from any extraneous assault, it is always advisable

to "treat" the scalp and hair from time to time in order to keep them in perfect condition.

FRANCIS, the well-known hairdresser, whose charming salons at 3, Hanover Square are frequented by some of the smartest women in London, seems to have solved all these problems by means of his unique "special" oil shampoo, or, rather, triumvirate of shampoos, for there is one called "Cade," to cure faulty conditions of the scalp; "Camomille," particularly valuable for keeping permanently-waved hair supple and setable; and "Citron," specially prepared to revitalise dry or lifeless hair and for use after a platinum bleach.

THESE shampooing oils, which have a faint individual fragrance, are massaged well into the head and hair, and then rinsed out with hot water. No soap or shampooing fluid is used. They leave the scalp perfectly clean and the hair like silk, soft and glossy, whatever its previous condition. The effect is almost miraculous, and when the hair is set or waved, all the beauty of colouring and tone is brought out and enhanced, and, without being in the least greasy, it has the softness and sheen of children's hair.

I do not believe that anyone who has once had one of Francis's special shampoos could resist returning for more.

The Editor's Box

A Good Case

Or even two good cases of Worthington make a good present now and at any other time of the year. What is the good of a Christmas thirst if there isn't any Worthington in the house?

Shoes for Sport

The Cotton-Oxford shoe is designed with real science for the man or woman who leads an active out-of-door life and plays games. The shoes made by this firm are famous for their balance and their flexibility, they are made from the finest leather, and will stand hard wear as only a really first-class production can. Golf shoes are their speciality, and are made in numerous designs and weights, both for men and women. The Cotton-Oxford strap round the top of the shoes gives amazing grip and support to the ankle, which makes for good footwork in any game. The shoes illustrated on this page, with waterproof uppers, sealed welts, and studded rubber soles, are particularly recommended for bad weather golf and for the country. Cotton-Oxford shoes are obtainable at Austin Reed's, Regent Street; Lillywhite's, of Piccadilly Circus; and Lockwood Brown's, Jermyn Street.

A Dockland Appeal

The struggle against poverty and unemployment is as bitter in the Dockland parishes of Poplar as anywhere in England. The Rev. W. Noël Lambert, of St. Gabriel's, Poplar, is appealing most urgently for help in his efforts to reduce the want and unhappiness of those under his care. He asks particularly for the children of his parish, and also for the aged men and women who are ill and alone, and for unemployed men and women with large families. Gifts of money or clothing, large and small, will be welcome, and should be sent direct to him.

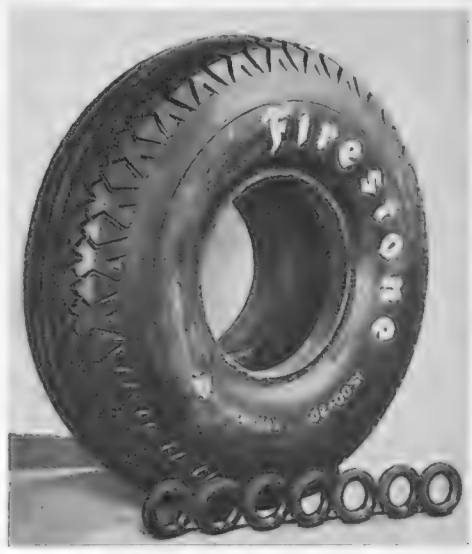
Scratch? Wear These and be Plus

A Place for Parties

One of the finest period houses in Mayfair is now to be available for wedding receptions and parties, for it has been acquired by Gunters, of Berkeley Square, who will let it out to clients for functions of this sort. There is a reception hall with carved oak-panelled walls and painted ceiling, and a Flemish ball-room; there are Louis XV. libraries, and there are Louis XVI. drawing-rooms, with panelled walls. The house has been modernised and beautifully furnished, and makes a perfect background for formal or informal occasions.

A Record Tyre

Below is a photograph of the largest pneumatic tyre yet produced in this country by the Firestone Tyre and Rubber Company at their factory on the Great West Road. It is a 15.00-20, and has a carrying capacity of nearly five tons, and is made for the heaviest lorries and petrol carriers, so that they run on air, without damage to road surfaces. The miniature tyres are reproductions in little of the 6.00-18 Firestone tyre for the ordinary car; they are made for the popular Firestone ash-trays which can be obtained from dealers and garages for 1s. 6d. each.



A Giant and Some Pygmies

The Gourmet: Conducted by Emilia

DÎNER

HORS D'ŒUVRES

***

CONSOMMÉ

***

FILETS DE TURBOT AU VIN

***

ROAST GOOSE WITH BANANA STUFFING

POMMES DE TERRE À LA MODE

***

CRÊME DE MARRONS

***

SARDINES MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL

***

DESSERT CAFÉ

Filets de Turbot au Vin

Cut small fillets of turbot and put them in a buttered pan, season with salt and pepper, moisten with a wineglassful of white wine, and about a tablespoonful of Worcester sauce, add two small onions and a little mace. Cover with buttered paper, and cook in a moderate oven for half an hour. Mix together 1 oz. of butter and ¾-oz. of flour, moisten with a gill of fish stock, a little boiled milk, and the liquor from the fillets; stir until it boils and let simmer for ten minutes. Season and strain the sauce, have ready some tomatoes cut in slices which have been previously cooked in butter; put these on the fillets, pour over the sauce, and serve.

Roast Goose With Banana Stuffing

Singe and draw a tender goose. Prepare a stuffing as follows: Peel six or eight ripe bananas, and chop them rather coarsely, season well with salt and pepper, and add half a breakfast cup of white breadcrumbs, a beaten egg, chopped parsley, and some savoury herbs to taste. Mix the whole well, and stuff the goose in the usual way with this preparation. Serve with rich gravy and apple sauce.

Pommes de Terre à la Mode

Cut some potatoes that have been peeled in slices lengthwise half an inch thick; dry them in a cloth. Have some boiling fat in a frying-pan, and fry the potatoes for ten minutes. Take them out and drain them, let them get nearly cold. Boil the fat up again, and, when boiling, put in the potatoes and fry them for four minutes, when they should come out perfectly dry—a pale gold colour and much swollen; sprinkle with salt, and serve quickly.

Crême de Marrons

Boil about 1 lb. of chestnuts in a pint of milk and a gill of water. When tender, skin and pound them. Whip up half a pint of cream, and after having rubbed the pounded chestnuts through a coarse wire sieve, place the mixture piled in a silver dish, and the whipped cream on the top, keeping it high in the centre. Garnish with quarters of orange which have been peeled and dipped in sugar.

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in the issue of* THE BYSTANDER *for the current week.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *and addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2. *The scratch score of the course must be clearly marked on each card, otherwise no responsibility can be accepted for errors.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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Name { *Mrs.* / *Miss* } .....

Address .....

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For Club Competition this card to be entered in the total of

..... *of which I am a member.*

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May PHYLLIS EARLE *come to your Aid?*

Because a beauty treatment is really efficient, it need not follow that the fee is correspondingly high. On the contrary, modern woman, availing herself of the truly-skilled and individual service Phyllis Earle offers, observes that an appreciable economy is effected.

In Phyllis Earle's delightfully-restful Salons, are experts whose artistry is dominated by an ideal, and who will gladly give you the benefit of their experience and advice.

MAKE-UP . . . .
Tissue cleansing for quick freshening-up of the skin, then the clever use of Make-up for day or evening to blend with your natural colouring, costs but 3/6, and takes only 20 minutes.

FACE MASSAGE . . . .
A deep tissue builder, very soothing to the skin, this system quickens the circulation, leaving the skin refreshed and invigorated. It also clarifies, by removing any blemishes that may occur. Nearly every skin needs this aid to beauty, which costs only 7/6, or with gentle electric influence, 10/6.

HAIRDRESSING . . . .
Artists of dexterity will perfect for you a coiffure of delightful theme, or are equally enthusiastic in expressing a faithful rendering of your usual style. Shampoo, 2/6, Shampoo and Water Waving, 5/6, Marcel Waving, 2/6, Trimming, 2/6.

CHIROPODY . . . .
Phyllis Earle offers special facilities, a qualified practitioner being available; the fee is 3/6 each foot. Foot massage for strengthening weak ankles, correcting bunions, etc., from 5/-. Pedicure, with lacquer varnish, 3/6.

PERMANENT WAVING . . . .
A close study of the prevailing modes in millinery enables Phyllis Earle experts to achieve the correct and harmonious note. Guaranteed for six months and equally effective on white or Inecto-recoloured hair. Whole head, £3 3s. Side pieces, £1 1s.

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All over the world fashionable women whose hair is thinning or turning grey find a renewal of hair beauty in the help we are privileged to afford. Perfect in shade and fit, formed of lustrous, natural hair of surpassing beauty, our Transformations, Toupets, and Fringes recapture the charm of youth. At our West End Salon our Manageress is entirely at your service, whilst a letter will bring a copy of our illustrated brochure (B) with easy measurement chart by return of post. Strict confidence . . . prompt execution of orders, and guaranteed satisfaction have been for 37 years much appreciated features of our service.

Transformations from **£2 10 9.**
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'Phone: Museum 3128.

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Special opening cabaret Boxing Night and New Year's Eve.

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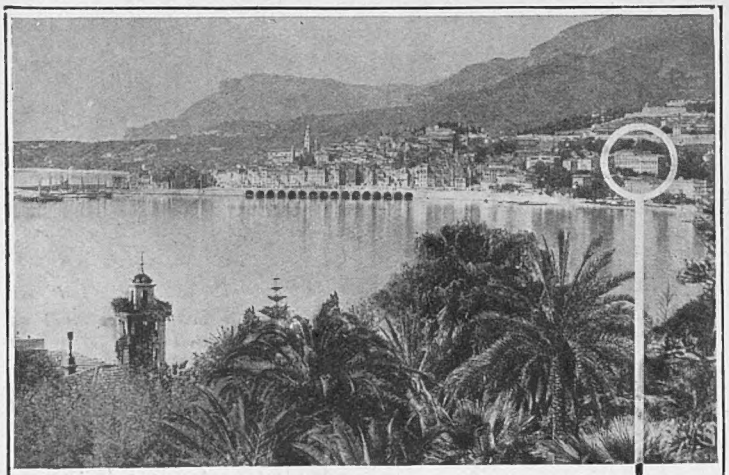

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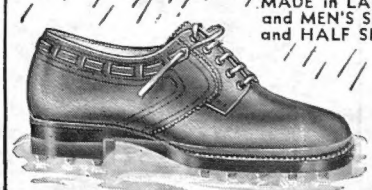

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